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*Simon W. Bright prop*

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# THE POLITICIANS

A Thrilling Play,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

SIMON WILLIAM BRIGHT.

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'Twill be as lasting as the hill,  
Where thou didst play a shepherd's boy,  
And taught, thy dog to bark.

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PHILADELPHIA:

A. SWAN, PRINTER, S. E. CORNER SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.

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SIMON W. BRIGHT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District  
of Pennsylvania.

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## THE POLITICIANS.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY W. BLUMOR, *Member of Congress.*

Mrs. BLUMOR, *his Wife.*

WIDOW BLUMOR, *his Mother.*

Col. OLIVER GOODWILL,	}	<i>Friends of Blumor.</i>
WILLIAM HAUTHORN,		
NAT. BUXTON,		

JOHN XERXES BROWN, *Candidate for Congress.*

Miss MARY ESSENCE, *Maid of Surry, (in love with Brown.)*

DELIA, *her Servant.*

SAMUEL PETOCINE,	}	<i>Friends of Brown.</i>
LOWNDES CARRAL,		
JETHRU McPIERRIE,		

SOLOMON JOLOR,	}	<i>Enemies to Blumor.</i>
ABSOLAM JUNC,		
PETER CARACAT,		
BEVERLY BUTTERCOCK,		
DICK FERROST,		
ABNER SHANKS,		

*Judge, Lawyer, Doctor, Devil, Ghost, Post Boy, Hostler, Aunt Mimy, Sheriff,  
Landlord, Citizens, Servants, Guards.*



## THE POLITICIANS.

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Midnight Plot.*—Enter JOLER, JUNC, CARACAT, BUTTERCOCK, FERROST, and SHANKS.

*Jol.* Fellow Comrades—we have met at this fit time,  
And opportune place, at this late hour,  
When bats and owls are motionless as sleep;  
When dead silence reigns, and nothing is afloat,  
Except the noiseless dews, to concoct the  
Ruin of a prosperous man; and adjust  
Matters to our *taste*, appertaining to  
Each one's interest. 'Tis a well known fact,  
That Blumor's daily gaining strength, and will  
Be elected unless his tide of fortune  
Stops. The people praise him every where,  
And say he's a worthy man;—each one must  
Tax his ingenuity in devising  
Subtle means, to impair his reputation;—  
Fix a plan, and lay a snare to do it.  
His defeat will reward our efforts in  
A sextuple ratio, and triumph lift  
Up our heavy heads. In this electioneering  
Struggle, we've gain'd nothing by being fair;  
Lets resort to craft and cunning; this  
Is allow'd politicians; no system  
Of device, no frauds, are bad enough for  
Blumor; his damn'd shoulders are able to  
Bear the machinations of blear ey'd devils.  
He's our enemy, oppos'd to our cause,  
In favor of stringent liquor laws.  
We are wild, and gay, and do drink our drams,  
As our Fathers did, have done time immemorial  
If divested the means,  
Of our gayety, we are no longer gay;  
But freemen under duress, inpos'd

Upon by a legislative law,  
 Conflicting with Divine laws;—can we stomach  
 The thought, to be bereft the apple, and  
 Its palatable juices, a gift of God,  
 Subject to man's directions, appliances,  
 And uses, many thousand years;  
 But recently deem'd an error, to  
 Be corrected by law, timely ript from  
 Longing individual appetite;  
 Made a legislative triumph, independent  
 The influence of the moral world.  
 Man should be free, and joyous, with feelings  
 Warm, and gushing—God has made him so.  
 Who dare alter His workmanship, and by  
 Enactment force it to a moral visage,  
 A long face moralist. We have no  
 Evil here without His knowledge. Who dare,  
 With an aspect of deceit, as white  
 Sepulchres, wink at heaven's wisdom, and  
 Support measures, to rid the world of a  
 Plague, permitted, allow'd by the Omnipotent;  
 To remove the tempter with a  
 Process of law, wherewith we are tempted,  
 Refin'd and purified. O! ignorant,  
 Foolish race,—your surplus age of religion  
 Incites you to do, what God has never done;—  
 Prayer, righteousness, are instruments  
 Of sins removal, not moral vanity,  
 That which makes ye Solomons, to banish  
 Thy brother's wickedness, and makes thy eyes  
 As telescopes, to peer into coming  
 Evil. O foolish people, do now what  
 You conceive is good to be done, remove  
 This your curse, and God can send you one that's worse,  
 The fires of Sodom, and Gomorah,  
 Famines, pestilence, bloodshed, civil war;  
 But enough, I'll act as chairman, while each  
 Of you, do set forth his designs and plans  
 Invented for Blumor's overthrow.

*Per.* Mr. Chairman, I dislike Blumor, I hate the man,  
 None will exult more than I, at his defeat;  
 A designing, schemy hypocrite;—  
 Why sir, at church, none says amen louder,  
 To the minister's prayer, to his sermon;  
 None listens more attentively; for the  
 Vile purpose of catching votes, and reaping  
 The people's favor: success crown's the rascal;  
 Fortune's lap is emptied at his feet;  
 Not by fair means, but foul; yet among the



People, he is preferable to Brown;  
 Whom they accuse with ignorance, as a  
 Sappy youth; unfit for Congress, and class  
 Him with the commonest farmer, that ever  
 Plough'd a crooked furrow, and do maintain  
 The opinion, that honor belongeth  
 Not to those who are least among us, but  
 The greatest. Blumor being great, therefore  
 Should be honor'd; Brown not being great, should  
 Be dishonor'd, with the scandal of defeat:  
 Designated the silliest goose, that  
 Ever graz'd upon the green sod of the  
 Valley; an undisciplin'd mass;  
 An unwean'd puppy, whining about the people  
 For their suffrages, who hate him. Ah! this  
 Hatred must be chang'd; the people must take  
 It as a dainty morsel, for they'll be  
 Nonplus'd at the snar's we'll lay for Blumor;  
 Fall from his support, as ripe apples from  
 The tree; scandal must do its work; stalk forth  
 To disperse the prepossessions the people  
 Have for Blumor. We are men of truth,  
 But must be liars once; perjury will  
 Create a great reaction, and transfer the  
 Popular tide to Brown; we must say Blumor  
 Has done thus, and thus, and strengthen our  
 Sayings with an oath; we'll be believed.  
 I'm no person for designs, I never was,  
 But will enter upon any plot  
 We may adopt, for Blumor's downfall;—  
 Though it should be, to take away his life.

*Car.* Mr. Chairman, I can bob Blumor's tail and clip  
 His pride, by penning his neighbor's pigs, his  
 Neighbor's cattle, his neighbor's stock, upon  
 His land, and giving them his mark. This should  
 Be done, and published in the Journals  
 Of the day, so that the people can perceive  
 He's a rogue, and stealeth from his neighbors.

*Junc.* Mr. Chairman, that design will never do.  
 Blumor's purse is heavy, he's rich and able  
 To purchase his neighbor's stock, at three  
 Times their value, and could reconcile the  
 Matter, by saying his negroes did the  
 Mischief. 'Twould be better to bribe some woman  
 Of ill repute, to swear the rape against  
 Him. This would enrage the people, and bring  
 The wretch to punishment.

*But.* Mr. Chairman, Blumor is a man of character,  
 Hitherto unimpeach'd, his oath will

Outweigh any woman's oath, of ill repute;  
 Besides, he is a married man,  
 And has a pretty wife. That he has wrong'd  
 His wife, and committed rape upon a  
 Vile wench, cannot be palm'd off upon the  
 Public; none would believe such false report;  
 And the whore would have to clear the track, else  
 Receive punishment, for what is deem'd spite;—  
 Intolerable means, to be aveng'd  
 Upon a man, who never touch'd a harlot.  
 I have a remedy more effectual;  
 If in its application, we can agree:  
 For Blumor, when we meet him next, lets feign  
 Friendship, advocate his measures, admit  
 He's right, and that we'll support him, to be  
 With the majority; if for nothing  
 Else. While doing this, while praising him, and  
 Heaping flatteries, upon his sinful  
 Head, I'll drop my pocket-book into his  
 Pocket; slip away unobserved, and make  
 Proclamation of robbery. Then each  
 Of you, must go to the Sheriff, whose  
 Services I'll procure, to ferret out the thief,  
 And tell him Blumor purloined the book.  
 We'll have him in a ruinous snare;  
 Wherewith he'll be disgraced forever.

*Shanks.* Mine cot, a petter ting, never vas in  
 Sharmany done.

*Jol.* Yes, 'tis a good thing, a noble thing,  
 All sufficient to work an enemy's  
 Destruction; 'twill bury him low; sink him  
 Beneath the rubbish of the flood. Now to  
 The bottle, comrades; we'll sing, and drink, to  
 Buttercock's health. (*They sing.*)

Hurra! hurra! for Buttercock,  
 Old Blumor, directly,  
 Will be lead to the whipping block,  
 And there whipp'd correctly.

Hurra! hurra! for Buttercock,  
 We'll sing his praises high;  
 His plots, his plans, his schemes, will shock,  
 Politicians greatly.

Hurra! hurra! for Buttercock,  
 Now, we'll mingle glasses,  
 For every one to drink his health,  
 And bray like jack-asses. [*Exeunt, braying.*]

SCENE II.—*In the Streets—Enter JOLER, JUNC, BUTTERCOCK, FERROST, SHANKS, and CARACAT, whispering.*

*Enter BLUMOR, who nods in the act of passing them.*

*But.* Blumor, pass not by us, we are your friends,  
Myself and the others here, are your truest friends.

*Blu.* You are jesting, I imagine, sir.

*Car.* He's right in thinking so, at first we were  
His enemies.

*Blu.* And are so still, I fear.

*Fer.* Away with fear, chang'd we are, from worst to  
Better, have forsaken Brown, as he fell  
Short of our expectations, as a man  
Of merit, and politician. We lik'd  
His principles, but yours, when understood  
We lik'd better.

*Blu.* (*Astonished.*) Well! well! then you are my friends.

(*Buttercock slips the pocket-book, in his pocket, and leaves.*)

*Jol.* We are your friends, and willing to be  
Accepted as such; if you've been wrong'd  
With speeches of deffamation; if your  
Prospects we have soil'd, and to your influences  
Been detrimental, this proffering you  
Our support, and a knowledge of this  
Among the people, will be a revocation  
Of what we have done.

*Blu.* A double revocation, and thanks from  
Your humble Candidate.

*Junc.* If humble, he is exalted, above  
The muddy round of mediocrity;  
His name immortal in the annals of state,  
His excellences, the people do revere,  
And are proud of their noble standard bearer.—  
Who honors his country, is honor'd.  
We will neither lessen that honor,  
Nor blemish our names, and reputation,  
By being in the suds, in the minority  
We are for you, and the majority  
Float with the tide; you are the tide,  
And many people are in it; therefore, boast and  
Brag, and not by actions show,  
That your election is doubtful.

*Blu.* 'Tis a thing, I've never done, but since my  
Enemies are my friends, and do clate  
Me with their friendship, I can demurely  
Boast, that my election is sure, if surety  
Is ascertain'd by actions, looks, or jestures;

And there is any truth, in manifestations;—  
 I'm cheer'd up ev'ry where, and from external  
 Appearance's, do believe. I'll be elected  
 Almost unanimously; but belief's  
 Are thwarted by sudden circumstances;  
 And in tempests, ships are lost. If it  
 Remaineth calm, and no storm ariseth,  
 To blow away my hopes; if the voters  
 Are true, and prove not false, I'll get the largest  
 Vote ever given in this district.

*Shanks.* Valk in dece shop, and take some peer mit us;  
 You be von big man, bigger dan de  
 Odder von's; de peoples vill vote mit you.

[*Exeunt all in the shop.*]

*Re-enter BUTTERCOCK.*

*But.* An accident,—by all the powers, my  
 Pocket-book's gone, stolen;—but five minutes  
 Since, I defray'd my tavern bill,—full of  
 Bank notes,—stuff'd,—stuff'd,—ah!—I'm ruin'd,—my  
 Money's lost. (*Enter Sheriff.*) Hallo Sheriff, I'm robbed.—

*Sher.* By whom?

*But.* Pick-pockets, rogues, thieves, a reward for detection.

[*Exit.*]

*Sher.* I'll look up the thief, and bring him to trial;  
 Where he'll get his deserts, and have his back  
 Chequ'd with vermillion stripes.

*Enter JOLER, JUNC, SHANKS, FERROST, CARACAT.*

*Sher.* Your pocket-books gentlemen, I must look  
 At every man's pocket-book; a theft has  
 Been committed.

*Jol.* Who has lost a pocket-book?

*Sher.* Buttercock.

*Jol.* Ah! Blumor's the rogue, he purloin'd the book.

*Sher.* Is it possible? May we not expect  
 A second flood? What's the world coming to,  
 When such men turn rogues? He has small ears I trow.

*Jol.* Whether large or small, he has an ear, he  
 Has an art and slippery hands for theft.

*Sher.* If cursed with such an ear, such an art,  
 And such hands, how did you detect him?

*Jol.* By chance; we met him in the street to day,  
 Receiv'd him with the courtesy due from  
 One partisan to another: had some  
 Friendly talk upon the topics of the day,  
 About the election; how the different  
 Counties would go, and the issue between  
 The parties. We were arousd, so was he,  
 In his excitement, to make us converts;

And to impress his political faith,  
 He would slap us on the shoulders;  
 He slap'd Buttercock thus, and in his slaps and flirts,  
 Got his hand into his pocket, stol'd  
 His pocket-book before our eyes; held it in  
 His hand, continued excited, and slap'd  
 Buttercock's back, with the pocket-book  
 Without his knowledge; then gulp'd it in his own  
 Pocket. 'Twas a keen trick.

*Sher.* Did the rest of you see it!—witness this keen trick?

*Car.* We did, and will verify what Joler  
 Says, corroborate his declarations  
 With an oath.

*Sher.* Then Blumor must be arrested, disgrac'd,  
 And brought to trial.

*Car.* 'Tis what we desire,—disgrace will pluck his  
 Feathers, shake his vanity, convulse his  
 Proud breast, corrugate his winning features,  
 Evaporate his manly bearing, dry him  
 Up a drivell'd idiot; reel him about  
 As a loaded mule; make him vacillate  
 As a clock's pendulum; drag him from his  
 Distinguish'd summit, to an obscure position!—  
 Arrest him, we'll follow at your heels,  
 To exult at his mortification,  
 And astonishment;—but here he comes!

*Sher.* (*To Blu.*) Lets have your pocket-book!

*Blu.* (*Giving it.*) Take it, appropriate it to your  
 Necessities, the people's necessities.  
 Let it relieve their wants, and cheer up the  
 Hearts of the crestfallen.

*Sher.* This is not the one I want, lets have the  
 Other one?

*Blu.* 'Tis the only one I have.

*Sher.* Let me search your pockets, I wager, I'll  
 Find another?

*Blu.* Cant my word be taken? Must I be  
 Suspected of untruths? Well examine me?  
 Then I am false to truth; if thou findeth another.

*Sher.* Will your swear it? A Bible, friends.

*Blu.* I will not swear it, but will convince you,  
 By submitting to an examination.  
 Examine me, Sheriff.

*Sher.* Well then, turn round.

*Junc.* (*Pointing.*) That's the pocket.

*Sher.* (*Examining.*) I've got it, come out, thou lone one, thou  
 Stolen book. Here it is. Aha! now thou art  
 A liar;—do you claim this book? Is this  
 Your book?

*Blu.* 'Tis not my book.

*Sher.* How came you by it?

*Blu.* Let the winds be your oracle, the bending  
Trees, the solid ground, rivers, birds, mountains,  
Or any thing you please,—they know as much  
About the book as I do, and will give  
As true an answer.

*Sher.* 'Tis the nature of a thief, to disown,  
And not acknowledge, his doings.

*Blu.* Am I then a thief? If I purloin'd the  
Book, I must have been dreaming, sleeping, or  
Laboring under some great mental  
Aberration. Do not say that I'm a thief;—  
An intentional thief;—my flesh crawls at  
The idea. You fire up my soul, with a hellish rage,  
And set my blood to boiling.  
This matter must be settled, sir.

*Sher.* Have patience, it will be settled; but first  
You must away with me to prison, to  
Await your trial.

*Blu.* Imprison me upon grounds so slender  
As this, without knowing whose book this is?—  
You have no right to use me thus;  
You have no right to trifle with my honor;  
You have no law to uphold you in it, without  
Some evidence of my guilt, and some  
Person to claim the book.

*Sher.* We have an owner for the book;—'tis Buttercock's;—  
And sufficient evidence of your guilt.  
I'm afraid your blood will be spilt; I dont  
Want to see it. Neither do I want you  
Imprison'd, which is optional with Buttercock;—  
He is a man of feeling, you and he,  
I hope, will settle this affair, between ye.

*Blu.* 'Tis Buttercock's, you say! Why, this very day  
He unburden'd himself to me, as one  
Of my best friends; spoke tenderly of my  
Party, and of the interest he felt  
In the election. He gave, or rather  
Pledged, his vote to me, with his friendship annexed.

*But.* (*Coming up.*) You abus'd that friendship,—  
Stole my pocket-book.

*Blu.* You'll not prosecute me, for this suppos'd theft.

*But.* You must undergo the rigor of the law.

*Blu.* To compromise this matter, I'll give you  
Six such pocket-books, and many presents to boot.

*But.* Nay, I have a competency; if I  
Had not, wealth by means of dishonesty  
Would trouble me more than honest poverty.

I will not be brib'd, no, you must undergo  
The rigor of the law; else it would be  
Establishing hasty precedents; which  
Would be taken advantage of, by  
Other rogues in future.

*Blu.* Buttercock, my house, my lands, my slaves,  
My carriages, horses, cattle, swine,  
Magnolia groves, ambrosial flowers,  
My wide fields, green lawns, orchards, cedar hedges,  
Shall be thine. My park, fish ponds, lakes, and  
Leaping streams, my hunting ground, and cool  
Springs, with bubbling spouts, heaving up snowy  
Sands, shall be thine,—to let this matter drop.

*But.* Could you present the ocean's buried wealth,  
Filter the amber bowels of earth, for  
Diamonds, and precious ore; could you present a  
Solomon's Temple; the gift of Croises;  
Or an emerald left, when heaven was  
Finish'd, I should let the law have its course,  
Nor from my duty swerve.

*Sher.* Seize him.

[*Exeunt, dragging Blumor to jail.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A quarrel and fight.*—*Enter HATHORN and GOODWILL.*

*Good.* Good day, Mr. Hathorn, how do you do?  
How stands your health, and other prospects?

*Hau.* My health stands with me, my prospects stand  
Not at all.

*Good.* Then your health and prospects have parted,  
A goodly thing, for you 'tis so; as  
Good and evil, is a dish to all;  
And have been, ever since man's fall; who  
Takes the good, must take the evil,  
The good without the evil, 'tis a rare exception.

*Hau.* Make not the pine, an oak; nor an oak,  
The pine; neither truth, the falsehood; nor  
Falsehood, the truth; let things be as they  
Are, then things they'll be.

*Enter BUXTON.*

*Bux.* Bad news, gentlemen, our candidate  
For Congress, the Honorable  
Henry W. Blumor, is in prison!

*Hau.* Impossible, Buxton, you are mistaken;  
It can't be so.

*Bux.* Indeed its so, I saw him enter  
Myself, and the doors clos'd.



*Hau.* Bad news, bad news!—How did he look?

*Bux.* He look'd as sad as the moon, and pale  
As a ghost.

*Good.* I'll have him out of that miserable vault.

*Bux.* Ah! but he's guarded, you can't get at him. [Exit.]

*Good.* I'll have him out, I tell you, I'll have  
Him out: if there is any virtue  
In man, I have a will, one that will  
Move a body; and a body, that  
Will move a dungeon, I'll have him out.

*Hau.* Let things take their course, be not hasty;  
Will you thump the green watermelon,  
And say its ripe! If Blumor's guilty,  
The prison is not to good for Blumor;  
If innocent, truth will purify  
His innocence; a bee hive, taken  
Too early, will give only comb, without  
The honey; which will not sweeten the  
Palate; green gathered corn will sour, and  
Not support the body; the fast horse will  
Break his wind, and is wind broken in  
Expectancy; the swift hound, will kill  
Himself, to prevent which, his owner  
Keeps him chain'd.

*Good.* If your field was on fire, would you not  
Hasten to put it out? If your Ox  
Was in the mire, would you not hasten  
To pull him out? Damn'd be the man,  
Who would hesitate, when his house is  
Withering to ashes, or when his  
Daughter is being ravished. You  
Don't love Blumor, you are an enemy  
To Blumor. The fierce tiger lies in  
Ambush for its prey; the falcon  
Flutters in the air before he swoops  
Upon the sparrow; bid me not  
Hesitate to check the flying horse, with  
A royal family at his heels:  
'To pull the ox out of the ditch; to  
Smother flames. Haste, regulates haste, and  
Places in order, that which is disorder'd.

*Hau.* Haste, regulates haste, 'bout as much as  
A hasty fire, regulates a dinner  
Pot which boils over,—suppresses haste,  
Puts out the fire.

*Good.* If you did but have any reason;  
If you could but listen to reason;  
And would measure reason, with reason;  
'Then I would not have any reason



To say, that you were without reason.

*Hau.* If you did know, what was reason;  
If you did know how to obtain reason,  
And how difficult 'tis to reason,  
You would willingly yield to reason,  
And not be a mad passionate fool.

*Good.* I may be a fool, and a passionate  
One to boot; but no man calls me thus to  
My teeth with impunity, be he as  
Meek as Moses, or mighty as an  
Elephant;—so take this and this. (*They Fight.*)

(*Re-enter Buxton, and parts them.*)

*Bux.* Gentlemen, has it come to this, do I  
See the friends of Blumor fight? Can he  
Prosper, when friends wrangle themselves into  
Difficulties? Wranglings engender hatred,  
And fighting alienates friends; I fear one  
Or the other, will be estranged from Blumor.  
In sooth, your actions, your pugilistic  
Display, can do his cause no good, should it  
Be nois'd to the winds, or whisper'd to the  
Ears of the idle; the masses would soon  
Be acquainted with your folly, and every  
One would form his opinion, and abide  
It, as to the wherefore the cause of the  
Fight. Some would rest in the firm belief, that  
Its a political difference; that  
You are for Brown, and you for Blumor;  
Thus cause a divided influence. Be friends,—  
Let your enmities fall,—look upon this  
Your hostile engagement as a joke, a  
Whim, a momentary anger, a caprice  
Temporary.

*Hau.* Buxton, you are right, with you I do agree,  
That this difficulty, was out of place,  
And will produce political evils,  
Unless we mutually forgive each other.  
This rashness, bodily injuries inflicted,  
And keep our frailties, to ourselves:  
For my part, though injur'd, and on the  
Defensive, for the sake of party triumph,  
I'll make a clean breast of it, and forgive  
Goodwill's attack and insolence. 'Twas as  
I thought for his own safety and benefit  
To our cause, that I remonstrated with him,  
The impropriety, of overhasty  
Attempts, by means of violence, to come at  
Blumor's liberation; I did persuade

Him, to forsake his abrupt intents, which  
 Would be to himself only perilous,  
 And reason'd with him, the levity of  
 A moments gratification, would be  
 Incomparable to a life of misery.  
 He would not listen, neither be  
 Convinced of any thing 'twas said,—'twas then  
 I spoke in warmth, to an irritable  
 Man, the consequence was blows, a bruise'd cheek,  
 And swollen eye.

*Good.* I acknowledge that I was in the wrong,  
 And for thy forgiveness, do feel humbly  
 Blest. With this renewal of friendship, that's  
 Doubly dear, henceforth I'll act, as it  
 Becometh a man of reason; or else  
 I am a lifeless dog, a rotten hog,  
 Or any other insensible thing;  
 Subject to the buzzards, or an odious  
 Carrion lump; an offensive speck, to those who  
 Respect our moderate laws of justice.  
 If I do violence, the penalty is some  
 Punishment, a debt to country; if I  
 Do murder, the penalty is death, a  
 Debt to nature, a debt to country, and  
 A retribution to aggrieved innocence;  
 Being dead thus, after such cause and effect,  
 I'm nothing, know nothing, upon a level  
 With the dead hog, dog, or any other  
 Dead brute; in my calm moments, I yield  
 To reason, do not obstruct its force; 'tis then  
 I see my errors, and human deformities;  
 And feel ashamed of acts, done through  
 Intense passion; if oppos'd in my belief,  
 And excited to warmth, or a baser  
 Feeling, anger, I'm heedless, rash,  
 Ungovernable, a fiend, a demon, an  
 Unmentionable monster, to defy  
 Opposition, to injure my best friend;  
 If perchance, he becomes a voluntary  
 Meddler, and there is any interference  
 On his part, to govern my temper,  
 Sway my fury, and make my heated  
 Notions abortive; to my friend thus  
 Injured, for his gratuitous favors  
 When sober'd, I recoil at the injury,  
 And in compensation, would cut my throat,  
 Ask pardon, acknowledge faults, and do  
 Any penance, to make reparation.

*Hau.* After such friendly acknowledgements, and

Plain explanation, hereafter, I will know  
 How to suit thee:—'tis said we all have errors;  
 That I have, 'tis true, and this maxim  
 Indeed applies to you, if all's included  
 In it. Not being perfect, I can  
 Overlook errors, withdraw fuel from the flames,  
 And carry myself, in conformity  
 To your notions and habits. No other  
 Disruption will arise to prick our friendship;  
 At least I hope so, and believing so,  
 Will end this matter, in rendering thanks  
 To Buxton;—we should thank him for our  
 Timely separation.

*Good.* Thanks to the peace-maker.

*Bux.* Thanks to you, for such appreciable thanks,  
 Which otherwise would be as refused blanks,  
 As trash, deceit, as ought, or foulest play,  
 That ever wrapt friend or foe in dismay!  
 I'm no flatterer, and will not be flattered:  
 May sense and reason, first be scattered,  
 As wheat, as rye, upon a barren soil,  
 Where man and beast, disdains to work and toil;  
 Honest thanks, or from the lips in jesture,  
 As a conceal'd splinter in a fester,  
 Which being prick'd, comes forth and gives ease;—  
 Such thanks, I think, will never fail to please.

*Hau.* You too, I find, as well as others, are vain;  
 I did not expect it.—Away with  
 Vanity; 'tis disgusting; 'tis a thing  
 We all have without knowing it:—a  
 Mirror to reflect the man, and show the mote  
 In our brother's eye. There should have been no  
 Admittance on your part, not the least;  
 Being pleas'd at our reconciliation  
 And thanks; you being the instrument.  
 Had you been a spectator, or a simple  
 Looker on, then 'twould be your duty  
 To be noisy with manifestations;  
 To shower down your expressions of regard  
 At our welfare and safety. Away  
 With vanity,—'tis a fault, that makes  
 Perfection an impossibility  
 In the human race; a spot blemishing  
 The character of man, among men. The  
 Man of merit, when told of his capacities,  
 Says nothing;—suppose he should, and  
 Acknowledge his greatness, he would only  
 Be signing his death warrant, and dealing  
 Out epecach to his admirers;—who

Would speedily vomit at his self greatness.

You deserved our thanks;—being thank'd, you should  
Have said nothing; held your tongue; then instead of  
Self-praise, you should have had our admiration.

*Bux.* For a thing that's natural, I'm not to blame;  
If vain, you have admitted all's the same;  
Yourself excepted, and the only one;  
While others are nothing, none—that's something, some.  
A model, exempt from censure, or a man  
Who is faultless, regarded as a plan,  
For others to pattern after, live by,  
To follow in your exact footsteps; or try,  
As an inebriate crossing a causeway,  
Or as a helpless child, who wants to play.  
I must pity the poor headlong, senseless fool,  
Who will suffer you to make him a tool;  
To tie him to your notions with a string,  
And to lead him about as an abject thing.  
I like to see a man with a mind his own,  
Let his sins, his faults, be secret or known;  
You are mad, sir, mad with my friend Goodwill,  
Is why vanity is such a bitter pill;  
We can't resist it, if all have that evil,  
From the sad saint, to the grinning devil.  
'Tis said cats rubbed, will exhibit their nails;  
Also that dogs patted, will wag their tails;—  
But enough, I have something to do elsewhere,  
That will pay better, than quarreling here;  
I have something to do for my friend Blumor,  
Who is in jail,—so speaks Madam Rumor.  
I can't be idle when his honor's at stake,  
To liberate him, some efforts I'll make.

*Hau.* Does his wife know of his incarceration,  
His life burial, and premature disgrace?

*Bux.* No sir, she has not received the news yet,  
'Tis better its so, for she would weep and fret.

*Hau.* Come away—come on—we must inform her  
Instantly; I pity the good woman;—  
A finer lady I never saw;  
Her husband's fate, will press heavily upon her.

[*Exeunt Bux. and Hau.*]

*Good.* I am alone, having gull'd two clever  
Fellows, as it regards my intentions;  
I am resolv'd to gull the prison  
Of its noblest inmate, the most worthy man,  
Who ever represented a free people  
In Congressional Halls, the champion of  
Liberty! Yes, Blumor I'll deliver,  
Or die in the attempt;—he is no sea

Weed, to float the wave; no blade of grass,  
 No bundle of fodder, to be cram'd away  
 In a dark corner, beyond the light of day.  
 We need him in these dangerous times,  
 When the world is naught but a composition  
 Of mobs, and black-hearted desperadoes,  
 Caring neither for established rights,  
 Or prohibited wrongs. We need him as  
 As a light, set upon a bushel, to dispel  
 The clouds of political commotion,  
 And vindicate his party's rights, which are  
 Assail'd by demagogues and squirts, expectant  
 For office. We need him I say, and here's  
 A head, that never dodged a bullet;  
 Here's a body, that fronted danger in  
 All its attitudes; here's an arm, that fought in  
 The war of Mexico, and here's my well  
 Temper'd blade, that did mischief in the  
 Roaring battles, and with it I can sever  
 The dungeon grates as gossamer webs, as  
 Cornstalks, and conduct Blumor, the Denigod  
 Politician, triumphant from such a  
 Place, from such a hole, from such a hell. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Blumor's House.*

*Servt.* Some ones knocks.

*Mrs. B.* Open the door. [*Servant opens and goes out.*]

*Enter* BUXTON and HAUTHORN.

*Mrs. B.* Walk in gentlemen, you are my husband's  
 Friends, your welcome to his house, welcome to  
 His hospitalities; be seated, make yourselves  
 At home. Any news, any tidings  
 From my husband? He's making many friends,  
 I hope.

*Hau.* He's well, but—

*Mrs. B.* Leave out the but, if he's well, that's joy  
 Enough to hear.

*Hau.* But he has been in prison!

*Mrs. B.* Well, what of that? 'Tis no disgrace to visit  
 Such a place, to pity the poor criminals;  
 Those wretched inmates there, those forlorn  
 People, need pity however mean they are;  
 They will bless the hand that lendeth sympathy  
 In their helplessness; my husband's  
 Familiarity with the unfortunate,  
 Does not frighten me; he's pure, and blameless,  
 Nor will the prison's contagion, hang to  
 His garments.

*Hau.* But he is in prison now.

*Mrs. B.* Well, that only proves him a charitable Man; his being there, this act, and similar Acts of charity, will console him, when He is old, and life decayed.

*Hau.* But he is in prison for disobedience To our laws.

*Mrs. B.* I believe it not, none is more Obedient, noble, good, than Henry Blumor. When a boy, at sufferings, he Would sadden; if his parents were sick, he Would refuse his food, and weep; if his Neighbors swore, he would weep at their Profanities; he was a peace-maker to his Little playmates at school, and always Obedient to his teacher; now has he Fallen from obedience, to disobedience? From honor, to dishonor?—no, I believe It not!—you are trifling with me, in Relating this unfounded news. 'Tis a Flying report, that you have magnified, Added to, knowing that I love my husband Tenderly, to vex me in his absence! What, in prison for disobedience to our laws?— I believe it not.

*Hau.* But he is in prison for theft.

*Mrs. B.* You are liars,—'tis false,—'tis false. (*Faints.*)

[HAUTHORN, *frightened*, rings for servant.]

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Ser.* What's wanting?

*Hau.* Essences,—essences,—cinnamon,—peppermint,— Paregoric,—laudanum, quick; quick; I'll Break your skull.

*Ser.* Yes sir; Oh! my lady's ill. (*Exit.*)

*Hau.* I believe she is dead, her pulses Refuse to beat; the blood has deserted Her face; 'tis as pale as paper; her tongue, That sang so sweetly, that talk'd so Beautifully, will soon be cold. It grates The soul, pares it away with sorrow, to Think the tongue, that containeth warmth, Longer than any other part of the human System; the rattling, prattling part, That exciteth mobs, and moveth multitudes, Should be cold and stiff between the jaws; The eyes glassy, the limbs motionless; to die— Oh! ye gods, what an irreparable calamity!

*Re-enter SERVANT, with a phial.—HANTHORN holds it to Mrs. B.'s nose.*

*Bux.* I was for not informing her, you would,—  
Now you see, you have done her more harm than good ;  
But it is the way of men over-smart,  
To follow the dictates of their own heart ;  
You have been the cause of this lady's death,—  
Your tidings, caus'd her to lose her breath.  
And Hauthorn, if she never gets it back,  
I will desist following in your track.

*Mrs. B. (Recovering.)* Gentlemen, help me to arise,  
Don't look at me with such surprise,  
You have no joy sirs, in your eyes ;  
I need your assistance, therefore assist me.  
Hauthorn, give me a little wine,  
Or something in the strengthening line !  
Oh ! you have almost murdered me, with this sad, sad news.  
Do I not look pale and wild,  
I'm weak as a helpless child ;  
Though weak, and feeble I be,  
This night, my husband I'll see :  
To know of him, wherefore the wretched cause  
Of his disobedience to our laws.

[*Exeunt, taking Mrs. B. to her apartment.*]

SCENE III.—*Outside the prison.—Enter GOODWILL, with sword in hand, walking towards the prison.*

*Good.* Within yon craggy walls, beneath their moss  
Eaten roof, lieth Blumor, struggling with  
Fusty vapors, smoking up from cells,  
Saturated with filth, the offscouring  
Of felons and cut-throats ; he lieth there,  
An unhappy victim to confederate  
Devils ; whose hearts are petrified, whose  
Bowels of compassion are molten sulphur ;  
Were they beneath my feet, I'd twist my  
Cimeter as an auger, in their eyeballs ;  
Lift them on its point, as gewgaws ; be  
Drunken with bliss, at their agonies, and  
Throes of sufferings : the impossibility  
Of such a sweet vengeance, maketh me sad ;  
I never felt worse in my life. I could  
Not feel worse, were I standing among the dead,  
Or walking slowly down to my own grave ;  
Thou hated vault ; here is the magic blade,  
That will tumble thee with a crash. Leave guards—  
Give me fair play, to throw that prison away.

*1st. Guard.* We are not agents of our will ; we are



Upon duty, the servants of the law,  
 And cannot yield to our inclinations.  
 We like you as a citizen, and man  
 Of valor; but will neither flee your approach,  
 Or be frightened at your violence; take care.—

*Good.* I care for nothing on the earth, or in the skies.  
*(Advancing.)*

*2nd Guard.* Stand back, stand back;—if you advance nearer,  
 If you do but cross the limits allow'd  
 Us, you die; forbearance is preferable  
 To death,—stand back.

*Good.* Bid the elephant swallow his proboscis,  
 Or the arabian horse to lose his tail. *(Advancing.)*

*1st. Guard.* Cut him down—bleed him—cripple him.

*Good.* Bleed the moon, and cripple the stars. *(They Fight.)*

*Enter CITIZENS.*

*1st Cit.* He's a noble fellow, look how he fights.

*2nd Cit.* He has cut down two of the guards.

*1st Cit.* They outnumber him now.

*2nd Cit.* Yes, he falls.

*1st Cit.* I'll take him away. *(They go to remove him.)*

*Good.* Stop friends, let me here rest,  
 My blood is ebbing fast;  
 My life is passing away,  
 To a bright eternal day;  
 I must quit this barbarous gloom,  
 By dying as I do, so soon;  
 Tell Blumor, Goodwill's head, in death was bow'd,  
 And by death only, was Goodwill cow'd.  
*(Staggering to his feet.)*

*1st. Cit.* Great God, what eyes.

*Good.* Give me the strength of many Sampsons,  
 Lead me to the pillars that prop the globe;  
 I'll upset the earth, and ask God  
 To let me die with these philistines. *(Falls dead.)*  
*(The body is borne out.)*

SCENE IV.—*Inside the prison.*—*Enter MRS. BLUMOR.*

*Mrs. B.* My husband! *(Weeps.)*

*Blu.* My wife! *(Affected.)*

*Mrs. B.* They told me you were here; their sayings were true.  
*(After a pause.)* An eagle once, had compassion upon  
 A serpent,—because it had neither wings  
 Or feet, and took it in her talons, to  
 Show it sights it had not seen.—  
 Towards the sun she flew,  
 Through the ether blue;  
 His snakeship enjoy'd the trip, was pleas'd,



Dazzled, intoxicated.

The upper worlds, with pleasure he saw,

Till his appetite began to know ;

Now then quoth he,

Enough I see ;—

I've seen the glories that are thine,

Thou shalt see the glories that are mine ;—

And winding himself around the eagle,

She was borne struggling, fluttering back to earth,

Fetter'd in his coils. You've been compassionate

To the people ; relieved their wants, scattered

Your wealth among them, like barley corn ;

Sacrific'd your intellect, in pointing

Them to glory, and honor—Lifted them

Above their narrow wants.—Lead them on by

Your brilliant attainments, 'till vanity

Made them alike brilliant, and so eager

For offices and spoils, that you are displac'd,

To give them a place, ensnar'd on the pathway

To fame, in the mid heavens, in the political

Sky ; by their rivalries you are dragg'd down.

'Twas with their machineries of malice, and

Bloated enmities, and not as 'tis said

For disobedience to our laws, that you

Are immur'd here. As the serpent to the eagle,

So is Blumor to the people.

In my eye, you are not disgrac'd, for I

Know my husband will outlive this shame, and

Triumph o'er his enemies.

*Blu.* Thou load-stone of grief; removal my angel

Wife. I thank my stars for such a wife, nor

Would I exchange thee for cities full of gold.

'Tis thy pleasant way, to excuse faults,

Lighten accidents, and make my burdens

Easy borne. A perspicuous metaphor

Hast thou drawn, wherein I'm excusable,

And the people blamable. Thou art right ;

They did imprison me, but I forgive them,

As I expect to be forgiven.

*Mrs. B.* Forgive them !

Anathemas be upon the people, when

Ready to pluck the fruits of expectation :

May their eyes open upon ruin ; their hands

Fall upon blasted hopes, handle the

Scorpion's sting ; may their stomach sour

To refuse their savory dishes ; may they

Perish, for want of appetite to eat.

No calamity would scourge them enough,

For what they have done to you, my husband.

Oh! think of it, confined in this dark hole  
 For naught; excluded from the panorama  
 Of heaven; the climbing hills, and bowery  
 Dales, not a solitary star, or moon's ray,  
 To greet the eager gaze; naught but these  
 Stain'd walls, and frightful relics of prior  
 Tenants. O my husband!

*Blu.* Censure not the people, they are mistaken;  
 Not to blame, in thinking I'm a guilty wretch;  
 Their thoughts are right, their actions right, and by law  
 Exempt from censure. A virtuous people, holds  
 In contempt, the man who disrespects his  
 Countries laws, and does acts of violence.  
 Therefore I'm held in contempt, for 'tis said  
 I'm an aggressor, a notable thief, that  
 Steals by sleight of hand. My conscience is clear,  
 I'm satisfied of my own innocence,  
 And have patience to bear all sufferings,  
 'Till my suppos'd guilt is remov'd, and I'm  
 Again the unsulli'd leader of a great  
 Political party. Then my wife, we'll  
 Embrace the shiftless joys of earth, the  
 Lovely trance of better days, enjoy God's beautiful  
 Creation, the spangl'd sky, glassy lakes,  
 Mossy groves, icteritious flowers, and  
 Mountain deck'd huey minarets.

*Mrs. B.* O! Henry, let me bend over thee, and  
 Touch thy eloquent lips with a kiss;  
 Lighten thy cares and make thee as happy  
 As thou wast at our honey moons earliest  
 Period. Let me pet thee, as thy mother  
 Didst in infancy;—brush back thy locks  
 And behold myself in the mirrors of thy soul.  
 Thou art so good, to forgive an enemy,  
 That in thy forgiveness, I do lose the  
 Bitterness of my soul, my rancor, and  
 Enmity; to coincide with thee, my  
 Husband, in thy God-like sentiments,  
 I will share thy fate; thy bed, shall be my  
 Bed; but this straw pallet, this filthy room,  
 How repugnant.

*Blu.* My only star of hope, my gentle wife,  
 Were I the wretch the people make me; were  
 I dishonor'd in my own opinion,  
 Thou shouldst share my fate, to be wretched in  
 This prison, to sleep upon this oaken  
 Floor, with bugs, and many creeping things,  
 I'd drag thee to my level; without remorse  
 For thy sufferings, and gloat upon thy

Fading beauty. As thou knowest, I am  
 No wretch, being a man of honor as  
 I am, a woman of obedience as  
 Thou art, thou shalt respect mine honor, be  
 Obedient still, and seek an abiding  
 Place here, to cheer me in confinement;  
 Though all places be hallow'd where thou art,  
 This foul air thou must not breathe of thy own  
 Accord.

*Mrs. B.* I will be obedient to my husband.

*Blu.* Then go home; you have a home of luxury,  
 With airy rooms all mirror'd. You have the  
 Softest beds, with oil-silken sheets, and damask  
 Coverlids, snowy satin pillows,  
 Crenulated with rolls of eider-down.  
 When thou prayest, art in a devotional  
 Act, there are costly sofas for thee to  
 Kneel upon; when thou awaketh from thy  
 Slumbers, soft velvet footstools gallop to  
 Thy feet. You have handy servants to do  
 Your bidding, and can have ev'ry temporal  
 Wish gratified. 'Tis a desirable home,  
 Therefore go to it—remain there—if thou  
 Wouldst be a comfort to thy husband.

*Mrs. B.* I will go, adieu, adieu, my husband! (*Going.*)

*Jailor.* Through this door, mam;—this is the door.

(*They come to a grave.*)

*Mrs. B.* Why, here's a grave!

*Jailor.* Yes mam.

*Mrs. B.* Whose grave is it?

*Jailor.* Goodwill's.

*Mrs. B.* Goodwill's! My husband's friend, who lost his life  
 In attempting his rescue. I will show him  
 Some tribute of respect. I will kneel  
 To his grave. (*Kneeling and after a pause.*) Most noble Goodwill!  
 Thou lieth beneath this arid hill. Thy  
 Magic cimeter will do thee good no more!  
 Brown's confederates may turn it into  
 Plough-shares, and pruning-hooks. Thou art lost;—  
 Lost to thy friends, lost to thy party, and  
 I mourn thy loss as Rachel weeping for  
 Her children. But I do not wish thee back  
 Like a Lazarus, for thou wast unhappy  
 Here, art happy there; wast a citizen  
 Here, art a subject there;—thy pure spirit  
 Will inhale eternal glory; gather  
 Flowers from amaranthine bowers;  
 Scrutinize the whole concordant throng of God,  
 Which move in cadence to his omnipotent nod.

Clad in eternity's vesture, the purple  
Linen of paradise ; thou wilt be a  
Star of Bethlehem, and heaven thy  
Resting place, forever, forever.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter* PETOCINE, CARRAL *and* McPHERRIE.

*Pet.* Believe it not, Carral, that I can wear a  
Pleasant look, and be cheerful, when baffled  
Thus. I've seen enough of this contest, to  
Know we are defeated men. Tell me not  
About your hopes, they are shadowy,  
Unfraught with interest, and valued as  
A bubble ; I'm a disappointed partisan,  
Gloomy on its account, therefore unfit  
To be consulted, or to consult.  
The head is heavy when the heart is heavy ;  
I'm heavy every where, and a slave  
To depression.

*Car.* Let not discouragements wrong you, because  
Your influence availeth aught ; because  
Your labor is unrewarded, and Brown's  
Defeat seems possible ; be active, till  
It is available ; labor, 'till rewarded ;  
Lift your head above the current of  
Blighted prospects ; gaze at the world with  
Eagle eyes ; be zealous, the energetic  
Maketh some impressions, which are  
Imperceptible in making ; flag not now,  
At the eve of the election, when needed most,  
When we should appear the most courageous ;  
If we weep, the enemy rejoiceth ;  
If halt, the enemy progresseth ;  
Why allow it, this vantage ground, by clinging  
To dejection, because we are in the  
Minority ; why slaves to melancholy ;  
Despondency brings neither wealth nor honor ;  
Why therefore despond ; 'tis as a wilted  
Cabbage, a sun-burnt vegetable.  
Because you, and you, are sad, shall I catch  
The contagion, to droop and sorrow, like  
An old maid, or husbandless lady ? No,  
I will not be frightened, at every thing  
Which seemeth unfavorable to our cause ;—  
Political affairs may yet change,  
And Brown obtain a victory.

*McP.* Lets hear no more—hush it up, Carral;  
Your words are without balm, to disappointments;  
And but aggravations, to sorrow;—neither  
Of us can arrest impossibilities,  
Or ameliorate our destinies.  
When dejection cometh, it must be borne;  
If there was any preventive, it would  
Never come, being by no means a welcome  
Visitor.

*Car.* Well, the world is faulty, I admit, or  
The people who make it;—you, and you, are  
So, and so is Brown, whose time is spent too  
Much among the ladies. They are his ruin,  
And make him more a gallant than a  
Politician.

*Enter ERRAND BOY.*

*E. Boy.* Gentlemen, Mr. Brown sends his respects, is in  
excellent spirits, has glad tidings to impart, and desires your  
company immediately.

*Car.* Come along, lets see what it is. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Brown's House.*

(*BROWN walking and talking.*)

*Brown.* I'm trembling, every muscle dancing, a  
Consequence of this unexpected luck  
And sudden joy. Cannot I now boast I'm  
Fortune's favor'd child, when my opponents threaten'd  
With the lash, disgrac'd, sham'd, beyond the hopes  
Of shame's erasure. My friends must know it,  
I'm eager to let them know it; I've sent  
For Petocine, Carral and McPherrie.  
My errand boy's just gone; only a few  
Moments; yet those moments seem an hour.  
This impatience, this anxiety, to impart  
This joy—But here they come! My friends are coming!

*Enter PETOCINE, CARRAL and McPHERRIE.*

*Pet.* We came in haste, be hasty, to let us know  
Your important news, from whence, and wherefore.

*Brown.* A few nights ago, my head was bow'd;  
To-night, its an inch taller. A few nights  
Ago, Blumor was the hue and cry;  
To-night, with the populace, it's damn Blumor,  
And hurrah for Brown! This is glorious  
News, for a once hopeless candidate.

*Pet.* Glorious. But how do you account for this  
Mutability among the people?

*Brown.* Blumor has committed robbery, or  
Theft, for which he is imprisoned.

*Pet.* Imprisoned!—Indeed thou tellest us good news.  
 Why Brown, your election's safe.—This thrilling  
 News, it has erected all my faculties;  
 I can toss my hat like a rampant boy,  
 And leap like a wild deer at it.

*Brown.* More news I have, that bulldog Goodwill,  
 Attempting to rescue Blumor, was kill'd.

*Pet.* Good, good, better still, excellent.—Have you  
 Any whiskey here? These lips must sip it;  
 This mouth must drink it. Oh! for a dram to  
 Soothe this boisterous gratification.  
 This intelligence, my dear sir, will add  
 Months and years to my existence. I must  
 Stand upon my head, as a manifestation  
 Of my satisfaction and entire content.

*McP.* I'll follow suite. (*Stand upon their heads.*)

*Brown.* They have gone beside themselves, their heads are  
 Where their feet should be. They must be either  
 Giving their heels a chance to rejoice, or  
 Else they have downward tendencies.—Push  
 Them over, Carral, as a preventive to  
 An eruption. (*Pushes them over.*)

*Car.* Get up, gentlemen, and don't give the lie  
 To the Philosopher, who says there is  
 Reason in all things. There is no reason  
 In exchanging the larger for the  
 Smaller vessel, the head for the feet,  
 And crossing the limits of politeness.

*McP.* If I'm elated in an irregular  
 And tumultuous manner, customs and  
 Decorums shall not restrain that elation.  
 I care neither for limits nor bounds, and  
 Will be flexible to my own appetites.  
 When joy cometh, I'll take it, the whole hog  
 Or none; and who has the right sir, to advise  
 Me in its participations, littles  
 By littles; its reception thus, would not  
 Be apparent, nor lift me above my  
 Daily monotony. I've been laboring  
 So long, under the calculation of  
 Party defeat, that you should not take  
 Exceptions to my method of rejoicing,  
 When defeat is no longer possible,  
 But remov'd, as by magic. Can't you rejoice?  
 Are you not glad of Blumor's downfall?

*Car.* I'm both glad, and sorry; glad because  
 Brown will get elected, sorry because Blumor  
 Is disgrac'd; yet it makes him popular  
 To my notion; for being thus, he's without



Injury to our party, and those who  
 Can do us but a little injury,  
 Are more popular, more deserving, than  
 Those who can do us a greater injury.  
 He's dead now politically ; and when  
 Our enemies are dead, 'tis then only  
 We acknowledge their virtue. We can afford  
 To praise Blumor more since his disgrace,  
 Than before it. 'Twill do us good, to gather  
 Up all his laudable deeds, and mumble  
 Out a few oral regrets, that a man  
 So remarkable for such, so talented,  
 So useful to his country, should disgrace  
 Himself, at the acme of his glory.  
 If in sympathizing with enemies,  
 We gain friends, I must praise the fallen  
 Candidate ; who has never spoke without a laurel,  
 Never convers'd without making an impression,  
 Never resolv'd, but what it was done.  
 Yea, I will go further, and say the whole  
 State should be insulted on his account,  
 At his imprisonment.

*Brown.* I scarce can understand him ; sorry for  
 Disgrace, yet disgrace is popular ! But  
 Let it pass ; for disgrace and popularity  
 Travel separate roads. And you'd make friends  
 With sympathy ; a strange notion indeed  
 It is. What, say the whole state's insulted  
 On his account ? Is that the way you'd make  
 A friend ? I think, sir, you'd make an enemy.  
 I dislike your sympathy, lop it off ;  
 Our party is broad enough for all  
 Our sympathies ; we have none to give rogues ;  
 They'll not get mine—first let them rot and fester.  
 I'm for Brown, my sympathies are with Brown ;  
 Not that he is a man of color, but  
 For self interest ; because Brown is for Brown.  
 I'm in for my election, nor do I wish  
 To be thwarted with your sympathies ;  
 Throw them away, as my expectations are up ;  
 Let your aims be to secure my election.

*Car.* Its security depends upon management,  
 Not altogether mine, but mostly yours ;  
 I will manage some, you must manage more ;  
 Love the people, the men more, the women less ;  
 The men can vote, the women cannot ;  
 Your time has been employ'd too much in  
 Courting Miss Essence. Many votes you lost  
 By it, prior to Blumor's disgrace. You must

Court the men till the election, and Miss  
 Essence after;—if you would make its surety  
 More sure. 'Twas late when we came, its getting  
 Later.—Come friend, we'll now adjourn, and do  
 Our talking at another time. [*Exeunt P. C. and McP.*]

*Enter POST BOY, with papers.*

*P. B.* Mr. Brown, I've brought your papers.

*Brown.* Very well sir, hand them here; 'tis said you  
 Are going to vote for Blumor.

*P. B.* I am at it—having always voted so,  
 I expect to vote so again.

*Brown.* You are then, a party man, right or wrong,  
 And doubly wrong to support Blumor,  
 A thief, a rogue, who'll soon be brought to shame,  
 With a public trial.

*P. B.* What's he going to be tried for?

*Brown.* Larceny.

*P. B.* What's larceny? You are a lawyer, explain it.

*Brown.* Larceny is the feloniously taking  
 Away the goods and chattels of another.

*P. B.* Your pronunciation is bad, which did he  
 Take, the goods or the cattle?

*Brown.* Chattels are of two kinds, personal and real;  
 He took the personal chattels.

*P. B.* You must have lost a tooth, or of a sudden  
 Become Dutchy. Cattle of two kinds, the  
 Personal and real! Well, the real  
 Must be those that are fat, and the personal  
 Those that are lean.

*Brown.* "Chattels real, are such as concern or  
 Savor of the realty, as terms for years of land."

*P. B.* Worse still, this time its chatteral. I'll never  
 Vote for a man that can't say cattle.

You have lost the use of your head, as well as  
 Your tongue. Your reason hath taken its flight,  
 And left in its stead foolishness. I can  
 Listen at it; but I'm a fool, if I  
 Suffer myself to be treated as a fool;  
 My ox is fat, therefore he's cattle real;  
 But to say he's a term for years of land,  
 Is a bald-headed lie.

*Brown.* Mind how you talk, else your freedom of speech  
 Will lead to chastisement.

*P. B.* What sort of a place is that?

*Brown.* A place where fools are well treated. See you  
 This cane? A few energetic raps with  
 This, upon thy silly head, is the place.

*P. B.* I'll leave—its time to leave, when big men like



You, wax wrathful, and talk of rewarding  
 Ignorance with punishment. Blumor's worth  
 A half a dozen such as you; I've never  
 Known him to insult a man, however  
 Feeble in opinion, or mean in appearance.  
 Blumor is my candidate.

*Brown.* Blumor is an ass, sir.

*P. B.* He's no common ass, sir, and the man who  
 Calls him thus, is doubly an ass.

*Brown.* Thou dog; thou bundle of insults. Have you  
 Ever seen a muddy river, its banks  
 Overflowed with rushing waters?

*P. B.* I have, sir.

*Brown.* What made it muddy?

*P. B.* The mud, sir.

*Brown.* Well, simpleton, as mud stains the waters,  
 So passions stain the soul. You are to me,  
 As mud to water; have stirr'd me up;  
 I'm mad, inundated with anger;  
 Yet the man of honor, should not notice the  
 Low-born cur;—else I'd flog you co-instanti.  
 'Twould be a dishonorable act, making  
 You my equal; nevertheless, I scarce  
 Can refrain from doing so. Therefore—leave—leave.

[*Exeunt Brown, kicking at Post Boy.*]

SCENE III.—*A Trial in the Court House, after the sitting of the  
 Judge, and empanneling the Jury.*

*Solicitor.* May it please your Honor, the first case  
 Upon the docket, is one of larceny.  
*Buttercock vs. Blumor.*

*Judge.* Is the defendant ready for trial?

*Blu.* I'm ready, may it please your Honor.

*Judge.* The Solicitor will proceed with the case.

*Sol.* Mr. Sheriff, call Joler, Junc, Carracat, Shanks and  
 Ferrost, into Court. (*They enter.*)

*Sol.* Come forward, Mr. Joler, I'll examine  
 You first. Go on, tell his Honor and  
 Gentlemen of the Jury, all about  
 Buttercock's pocket-book.

*Jol.* Blumor stole the book, sir.

*Sol.* Did you see him steal it?

*Jol.* I did, sir.

*Sol.* Well, tell all about it; how it was taken;  
 When and where.

*Jol.* 'Twas taken in the street, where we, the witnesses,  
 Were group'd together, talking with Mr. Blumor,  
 About his fair prospects of election,

And other trifling matters, for the  
 Amusement of the crowd. We cheer'd him up,  
 Made him bouyant with hope, in proffering  
 Our support, and in pledging him our votes.  
 A man seem'd never to rejoice more,  
 At this addition to his party ;  
 And in the height of his gayety,  
 He said he felt himself highly flatter'd  
 With our intentions, and commenced shaking  
 Cordially our hands, as if we were old friends.  
 While doing so, and going through this  
 Ceremony with his right hand, his left  
 Did wander, found its way in Buttercock's  
 Pocket, and lifted therefrom all his wealth,  
 His plenarious pocket-book.

*Sol.* What then did he do with it?

*Jol.* Cramm'd it slyly in his own pocket.

*Sol.* Has he ever been suspicion'd of such things before ?

*Jol.* His neighbors do give him a bad name, and  
 Deem him a man of evil deeds ; for several  
 Years ago, some of them were plundered  
 On the way home from marketable towns,  
 Robb'd of money justly gotten in the  
 Vendition of the annual products  
 Of their land. About that time, Blumor prosper'd ;  
 His neighbor's losses seem'd to be his gain ;  
 Circumstances were against him, and the  
 People had their thoughts.

*Judge.* That's not admissible evidence,  
 Nor can it have any bearing for the plaintiff,  
 Or against the defendant.

The witness must confine himself to the  
 Case in *esse* ; his doubtful surmises, and  
 Distant conjectures, have naught to do  
 With the suit pending.

*Sol.* Stand aside, Mr. Joler.

*Judge.* (*To the Solicitor.*) To save time, and expedite the  
 Business of the Court, let the other witnesses  
 Be sworn, as to the verity of Joler's  
 Testimony.

*Sol.* Come forward, gentlemen. Do each of you  
 Solemnly swear, what the witness says is  
 The truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but  
 The truth, so help you God ? (*They kiss the book.*)

*Sol.* I'm through with the witnesses, your Honor.

*Judge.* Has the defendant any questions to ask ?—  
 Any witnesses to examine ?

*Blu.* None at all, may it please your Honor.

*Judge.* The Solicitor then will address the Jury.

*Sol.* May it please your Honor, and gentlemen of The Jury:—This is one of the most Palpable cases that ever occur'd in the state, Wherein the defendant is guilty; Being so, the Court expects a verdict Guilty at your hands. I see no other Alternative, but ponder the case well. If you find a chance to acquit him, I'll be proud of his acquittal, for he's Faultless in all things, save this; and I do Give him credit for his hitherto Exemplary life: this his misfortune I regret, it gives me pain, it must be Painful to all intelligent men: but However painful, my duty I must Perform it, and admonish you to abide The testimony that proves him guilty, Inasmuch as you are sworn to do it: 'Twill save your consciences, and justice hold In its regular course. There is none, no man Bless'd with the spirit of christianity, Who rejoiceth in the sufferings of His fellow-men. You are christian men, and Will give relief as far as you are able. If it was not for the law this day, you Would acquit Blumor, for I perceive the People like him, irrespective of his Unlicens'd conduct. Yes, gentlemen, you Would acquit him, and have happy consciences At having done a charitable act; At having justified an aggressor, With a decision, without punishment, Without guilt; though wrong, you are forgiven,—Go sin no more. You are merciful, and Mercy is the predominant trait of A tender-hearted man. As charity Begins at home, so should mercy: we should Be merciful first to ourselves, then to Our neighbors; for if we do pity the Guilty, and give countenance to their actions, We cheat ourselves, weaken our securities, And render our laws less available; Then the law should be of no effect. 'Tis better to suppress your sympathies, Give up natural, for legal determinations, As the duty we owe to our country, In conforming to its laws, is paramount To individual duty. I ask You gentlemen, should a multitude of

Men be injur'd for the benefit of  
 One man? You must think not; I think not,  
 Though it has been the case. Excitement and  
 The magnetism of oratory, have  
 Lifted human reason above all bounds  
 Of justice and equality;  
 Thwarted fix'd purposes; converted decisions  
 To indecisions; intoxicated sobriety;  
 Stagger'd the calculating;  
 Mov'd all things to its pliances and touch;  
 Disenthrall'd thralldom; snatches the hopeless wretch  
 From the bowels of ready death; acquitted  
 Felons, to the harm and deterioration  
 Of communities. I know you have  
 Sympathies for the defendant; if appeal'd  
 To, you should not forget yourselves, but be  
 Men. Because Blumor is rich, and talented,  
 'Tis no inducement to show him either  
 Favors or leniencies; treat him as  
 You would the poor and ignorant; meet  
 Unjust actions with the tributes of justice.  
 Let all offences be treated rigorously  
 And alike; whether the offender  
 Be rich or poor, noble or ignoble;—  
 For the law's without partiality,  
 And applicable to all alike.  
 Furthermore, if Blumor's not punished, as  
 An example for the benefit of others,  
 Some will follow his example, be lead  
 Astray, drifted afloat, entangled in  
 Difficulties, under the light of false  
 Colors and impressions. If such privileges  
 Are allow'd a distinguished person with  
 Impunity, they should be allow'd a person  
 Without distinction. To safety, justice,  
 One must be treated like another;  
 All having access to the same rights and  
 Privileges. Therefore you must bring the  
 Defendant in guilty, who justly deserves  
 Such a verdict, not only for disgrace  
 To himself and kindred, but for disappointing  
 His many friends, who gave him their support,  
 Through thick and thin, raised him to enviable  
 Positions, made him a leader in this great  
 State; a bright star at our national helm,  
 Proudly brilliant, till ruin'd by stealth,  
 The robbery of honest Buttercock;—  
 Then his gloss and glory fled, and all his  
 Greatness seem'd a fable.

*Blu.* May it please your Honor, and gentlemen  
 Of the jury :—How is it, am I a rogue?  
 'Tis proven so, by men of honor. Yet  
 I am no rogue; as free from it as an  
 Infant, or an idiot, whose without  
 The knowledge of all rogueries; but I am  
 Unable to impress you with this belief.  
 Accus'd falsely as I am, to overwhelm  
 Me in disgrace: I'm ruin'd, but to affect  
 It, my enemies stand perjur'd, and  
 Will some day get their deservings.  
 Nothing I deny, as 'tis right, freely admit  
 Things as they are. The pocket-pook was found  
 About my person; but when and how it  
 Got there, I cannot tell. The witness's say  
 They know; have sworn I slyly stol'd it.  
 'Tis not so.—They are liars! Being unable  
 To make inroads upon mine honor  
 By fair means, they did resort to foul;  
 Entangled me in their machinations.  
 What can I expect, a man ensnar'd, thus caught;  
 Not your sympathy, for you've been  
 Exhorted to refuse me that; though innocent,  
 I have no hopes of an acquittal.  
 Disgrace stares me in the face; of my  
 Situation I am aware, and would  
 Exchange it with felons. If whipp'd, I live  
 To know my shame; if hung, death's preferable,  
 For with it, all tribulations are ended.  
 And animosities hush'd. Were I guilty,  
 I could expect nothing at your hands,  
 For that's an irremovable stain.  
 Human assuranc's and decrees can stay  
 Punishments, stop executions, but  
 Heaven's prerogative only can wash the  
 Guilty mind, and extract unhallow'd tints  
 From man's base fabric; false eloquence may  
 Misguide, but not relieve the guilty.  
 Were I cheer'd up, exhilarated with  
 Stirring music, with a brass band, at ev'ry  
 Pause in declamation, I could not  
 Remove guilt; the jarring voice, attun'd  
 To a key of melody, utter'd in low  
 Strains of fervor, cannot remove guilt.—  
 Thank God I'm not guilty, and with this  
 Assertion, can look Gods or devils in  
 The face. My body may be slain, not my soul.  
 The flesh may be flay'd, punish'd, while the  
 Soul, the spirits untouch'd; but the one has

Sympathy for the other. Cruelties  
 And sufferings will bend the will, and make  
 It subject to tyrants. Men will flinch at pain,  
 And cry aloud, under rack and torture,  
 And under which cruel process, they will  
 Do, and promise any thing, renounce their  
 Principles to get relief; but when reliev'd  
 Will disregard their promises, and live  
 According to long establish'd notions.  
 At pain and miseries, I have a horror,  
 And like some, could never suffer martyrdomism  
 For religious opinions, or any favorite  
 Principle. I would renounce all, and whatever  
 I could not avow in public, would  
 Cherish in secret; would be a hypocrite  
 Through necessity; take the shortest cuts to  
 Get relief;—like a slave chastis'd, who says  
 Any thing to appease his master's wrath,  
 For which he's unaccountable. 'Tis his  
 Mode of relief from pain. A person stricken  
 With cholic, will freely take the strongest  
 Medicines, or any thing to quite the  
 Convuls'd system. If you make me guilty,  
 As a consequence, if scourg'd, I may ask  
 Mercy at the hands of my enemies;  
 A thing which I cannot do as I am.  
 They have me on the hip, in a desperate  
 Box. The witness's are my enemies,  
 For they do not belong to my party.  
 They say I stol'd the money; this I  
 Have denied. I had the money, but without  
 My knowledge. As soon as 'twas discover'd,  
 As soon as I found its owner, all my  
 Wealth was proffer'd to compromise this  
 Matter, which was refus'd; disgrace and  
 Corporal punishment, being more desirable.  
 Considerations like these, should awaken  
 Doubts. If you have a doubt I'm not guilty,  
 But under the impositions of demons  
 And false-hearted men, upon this plea you  
 Can acquit me; if otherwise, do your  
 Duty. I'm ready for the worse, and must  
 Submit to your decision.

*Judge.* You can take the case, gentlemen of the jury;  
 'Tis so plain, a charge is unnecessary;  
 So plain, that boys of fifteen could decide it;  
 So simple, "a wayfaring man, though a fool,  
 Therein need not err." (*The Jury retire.*)

*Blu.* May it please your Honor, that the jury

Will convict me I am sure; at least I  
 Labor under this impression: feel  
 Over anxious for my fate, as if really  
 Guilty, and beg mercy that my penalty  
 Be light. My disgrace and shame you cannot  
 Remedy; 'twill follow me to the grave.  
 But in the stead of corporal punishment,  
 You can exact my wealth, to compensate  
 Mine injur'd enemy, and fill the coffers  
 Of the state; at which I'll be satisfied,  
 And pass through the world poor and penniless,  
 To be exempted from the lash.—But enough,  
 The jury are returning.

*Judge.* Gentlemen, are you agreed?

*Foreman.* Agreed.

*Judge.* What's the verdict?

*Foreman.* The defendant guilty.

*Blu.* Just as I expected. Your Honor will  
 Not swerve from justice. Your Honor will not  
 Blemish his legal eclat, in adjudging  
 Me a humane penalty;—but why not?  
 I do protest my innocence; should an  
 Angel protest it, a million witness's,  
 The hills, mountains, murmuring ocean  
 Echo it, I could not be more innocent.  
 Then most noble Judge, touch me with your  
 Legal scepter; treat an innocent man  
 With commiseration; demand his wealth for  
 Reparation; let his fortunes be forfeited  
 To the state, but don't subject his person  
 To the lash. Let your humanity  
 Extend thus far, and I, a disappointed  
 Humble man, will be indebted to your  
 Honor, the remnant of my life.

*Judge.* I cannot believe you, without disbelieving  
 The honorable witness's. You may be  
 Innocent, but your bold bearing, and open  
 Countenance, is an unwise criterion  
 To go by. Your tongue is oily, and with  
 It, you can partly hide your faults and  
 Spotted character, as the creeping snail,  
 Conceal'd in its portable shell, we do  
 Not see it, but we know its there. From looks  
 Or jestures, I do not perceive your guilt,  
 But I know you are guilty, or why should  
 Men of honor, science, learning, affirm it  
 With an oath?—To effect your ruin, could  
 Not induce such men to perjury.  
 You are guilty, sir; and I regret it.—



But as this is the first offence, I must  
 Be lenient, though not in exacting  
 Your wealth, for that would leave you poor;  
 But in making your penalty light.—  
 For offences like yours, it has ever  
 Been the custom to punish the offender  
 With thirty-nine stripes. You shall receive but  
 Half that number, which is nineteen and a  
 Half. The Sheriff will conduct you hence,  
 And inflict the penalty.

*Sher.* May it please your Honor, I don't know  
 How to strike half a lick.

*Judge.* Nothing easier; after giving him  
 Nineteen strokes, split your paddle, and with one-  
 Half, give him another. [*Exeunt all to the whipping block.*]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Three weeks after the trial.—A Room in Blumor's House.—HAUTHORN and BUXTON, unobserved, heard BLUMOR giving vent to his meditations.*

*Blu.* I am what I should not be, ruin'd without  
 A cause, unjustly scourg'd, an atom curs'd,  
 Bruis'd in the scale of the universe. Thou  
 Great Judge of right and wrong; O! ye supernal  
 Powers, sufferest thou the innocent  
 Thus used; trampled down by ostentatious  
 Devils. As vengeance is thine, let my wrongs  
 Quickly be aveng'd, and my enemies  
 Nonplus'd. How long must they triumph? How  
 Long exult at my dessolation and  
 Miseries? O! lift my feet from this pit  
 Of miry clay! Let me be freed from the  
 Schemy tricks and vile ingenuities  
 Of my vile race, or I can never show  
 My face more, never be seen more, but must  
 Be a lasting reproach to the virtuous  
 And law-loving people, "of my own, my  
 Native land."

*Hau.* (*Coming up from behind.*) You never will, sir, the day  
 Is not far distant, when Henry Blumor, will scintillate  
 The brightest star in the galaxy of  
 Our Union; and rise roughshod o'er his  
 Present ungodly enemies. Life now may  
 Seemingly be a curse; and hope, hopeless.  
 You are in trouble, you look so, and I  
 Judge so, having purposely overheard



Your words of despondency. Trouble must  
 Have its course. You can lose nothing more  
 Than is already lost; to withdraw from  
 The political field, some would judge it  
 The consequence of guilt. It ill becomes  
 The statesman, to brood o'er his wrongs in  
 Melancholy indolence; for he must  
 Take that which cannot be averted.  
 So must we all. You've been unfortunate,  
 That we know: for your misfortunes fell  
 Heavily upon your friends. They have  
 Consulted for your interest, and its  
 Their advice that you remain a candidate.

*Blu.* If there was any chance, any possible  
 Chance to get elected, or to advance  
 My party interest, I would follow  
 Their advice, and labor as I was wont  
 In my palmiest days. There is no chance;  
 Mine is a hopeless future; without  
 Political faith; without popularity;  
 Without courage, and manly confidence.  
 Therefore look up some other man to head  
 Our party; and here thoughtful let me be,  
 Till time exhausts each passion, checks each thought,  
 Which wander tumultuously o'er the  
 Incidents of life, from youth till manhood.

*Hau.* We'll have no other man, we'll seek no other  
 Man; you are our candidate, the people's  
 Choice; and your services are needed in  
 The field. Brown's daily canvassing, making  
 Public speeches. You are not afraid of Brown;  
 Then meet him;—if defeated, you'll have many  
 Sympathizers; if elected, the plaudets  
 Of triumph will jar the state. Leave this  
 Your retreat, be cheerful and circulate  
 Among the people.

*Blu.* Be cheerful! Is this your advice? A man  
 Chastis'd, wrong'd, as I am. Why, sir, 'tis  
 Impossible;—and circulate among  
 The people; meet their rebuk's, be scrutiniz'd  
 By the finger of scorn; designated  
 A thief.—I never can, sir: my prosperous  
 Days are ended; the fire which once burn'd  
 In my soul, seems to have gone out. I would  
 Be mad; assume the appearance of the  
 Maniac; foam like the wild boar, to ignite,  
 To kindle only a spark of that fire,  
 Which purified once the feelings of my  
 Nature, modelling them into language

And sentiment, divinely beautiful.  
 How irksome it is to labor, pant, move,  
 Restlessly desire something and obtain  
 Nothing. Is the soul dead, when it seems brilliant,  
 Thinks brilliant, but neither acts or speaks brilliant?  
 If not, 'tis better to be not flatter'd  
 With such useless brilliancies. Of what profit  
 Is a grand conception, invention, or  
 Any thing else, if it remains burri'd  
 In the soul? My talent, and every useful  
 Acquirement, must now fall uselessly  
 About me; my soul become torpid, and  
 The fire which hitherto made it fruitful  
 Of imagination, must make it dross.  
 But if the world had all my thoughts from the  
 Years of discretion up, ev'ry wild fancy  
 That compass'd me about, in an irregular  
 And tumultuous manner, I would be  
 Satisfied; rather be what I am than  
 The greatest genius that ever liv'd.  
 I would sit crown'd the mental Andes of  
 The Universe, and my hoary summit  
 Would be laden with the gratitude and  
 Praises of posterity.

*Hau.* You are an extraordinary man,  
 Have gather'd earthly honors, pull'd down  
 Prurient vice; reap'd fame, immortal as  
 The sea; beautiful as the rainbow,  
 Encircling God's horizon. But the great  
 Difficulty is in making you believe it.  
 Men of talent genius, are timid, wilful  
 Beings:—you are so, else one gross shame could  
 Ne'er reduce nature's favor'd child, to  
 Irresolution and inaction.  
 Repel timidity, unpopular misgivings;  
 Meet calmly the scowling look of incens'd  
 Enemies. You have nothing to dread;  
 You are not dead, Blumor, lift up your head;  
 Behold thy attainable jail glimmering  
 Distantly; bequeath thy gloom to spectors;  
 Rise like a Neptune out of the sea;  
 Thy prosperous days, sir, are not ended,—  
 Far from it; no band of demagogues,  
 No party clique, can bar thy future glory;  
 'Twill be as lasting as the hill, where thou  
 Didst play a shepherd's boy, and taught thy  
 Dog to bark. I beseech you, by childhood's  
 Recollections; by wife and beauteous offspring;  
 Be advis'd by friends, and you'll escape the  
 Gauntlet of dishonor.

*Bux.* (*Coming up from behind.*) Come, come, friend Blunior,  
 'Twill never do; from this quiescent spot, you must issue;  
 Go forth a politician as of yore,  
 And act as you have acted heretofore.  
 To be punish'd, whipp'd, is no disgrace,  
 If the whipping is judged out of place;  
 This thing, strive to make the people believe,  
 And a great alteration you'll perceive.  
 Care neither more for rebukes or slander,  
 Than the farmer does for his eackling gander.  
 Reproaches in the end will flee the brow,  
 Of the many who persecute you now.  
 If, sir, you are a victim of abuse,  
 You can make it of profitable use;  
 Proclaim, cry persecution, like a man,  
 And your great party will keep in the van.  
 Why if some only had your luck and chance,  
 They'd think themselves elected at a glance!  
 He who takes by stealth another's fat pig,  
 Makes him none the less a federal whig;  
 Who purloins his neighbor's favorite cat,  
 Can be still a punctual democrat.  
 The people want something to talk about,  
 You can be their theme;—then, sir, come out;  
 Roll thy wheel of fortune through the masses,  
 And trample down all political asses.

*Blu.* Urge me no farther, I will yield, remain  
 Your candidate, though 'tis a bitter pill,  
 Against my wishes, against self-interest;  
 But I will respect your wishes, make them  
 Preferable to my own;—and my opponent  
 I'll meet him, at his next appointment.  
 When is that?

*Hau.* On Wednesday next, at the Village Corkscrew,  
 His native place.

*Blu.* Think you he'll be there?

*Hau.* Yes indeed, if not detain'd by Miss Essence,  
 The Maid of Surry.

*Blu.* The Maid of Surry! 'Twas thought once she did  
 Reject him.

*Hau.* She did, but being now without opposition,  
 And deem'd a promising candidate, she  
 Has given him inducements, to renew his suit.

*Bux.* And he has renew'd it, and woo's her,  
 As if he will never woo another.

*Hau.* I pity her, the woman who weds him;  
 A wild, rattling, unsettled being, shifty  
 As the breeze, will be miserable, rue it  
 Her whole existence. (*Enter Servant.*)

*Ser.* Supper's ready.

*Blu.* Come, gentlemen, walk into supper. [*Exeunt all.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Miss Essence's (Maid of Surry,) House.*

*Maid of S.* Delia, arrange this room, put it in order;  
I'll soon be visited by Mr. Brown, my lover.

*Delia.* What, my Mistress, another visit  
So soon as this?—surely he's smitten to  
The core.

*Maid of S.* I am smitten; he is smitten; being smitten  
Thus, we enjoy each other's society.  
I love him Delia, but must neither  
Be too eager to let him know it, or  
Seem anxious to see him. Therefore, I'll go  
To my room. You know your duty, to give  
Intelligence of his arrival. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BROWN.*

*Brown.* Delia, how do you do?

*Delia.* Not so very well, I thank you, sir;  
Not so very well. We people in the city,  
Do not take the exercise that the people  
In the country do, by far: and when we  
Omit, when we are derelict in taking  
Our accustom'd exercise, in promenading  
The streets, we generally do it  
By propelling our arms thus, (*striking her chest.*)—"The first,  
The last, the best, the Cincinnati of the West;—  
The first, the last, the best, the Cincinnati of the West."

*Brown.* What vanity, what vanity:—give this  
Card to your Mistress, vain girl. [*Exeunt Delia meeting Maid of S*]

*Re-enter MAID OF S.*

*Brown.* (*Singing.*) She advances, she advances,  
What pretty sweet glances;  
How nicely and easily she skips,  
What red parted dewy lips.

*Maid of S.* (*Sings.*) Dear Johnnie, when last we met,  
'Twas known we had met before;  
You left with the regret,  
That we would meet no more.

*Brown.* That's magical,—that's magical,—sing on  
Thou pretty Maid of Surry.

*Maid of S.* Excuse me, I cannot, oh! I'm so  
Hoarse; but you are not, then sing for me;  
Your voice it is so pleasant, its melody  
So touching. Now sing—remember your promises.

*Brown.* (*Sings.*) Maid of Surry, may I ask  
A blessing thou canst give,  
In thy love, O may I bask,  
And in thy presence live.  
Maid of Surry, shelter me  
From every care and pain,  
Still nearer, nearer be,  
A paradise to gain.

Maid of Surry, be thou mine,  
To ease my troubled breast,  
And I too will be thine,  
To give thy soul sweet rest.

*Maid of S.* I will be thine!—My love for thee extendeth  
From the Zenith to the Nadir; but since  
I am so candid, you must be candid  
In return; make known the bounds and limits  
Of thy love. O tell me what is love.

*Brown.* 'Tis a blessed human passion, exciting  
The arteries, affecting the system  
In toto; and if that thy head be the  
Zenith, my love extendeth from the Zenith  
To the Centre; and remains there to sip its fill,  
In obeying voluptuous will,—  
And then—I can't describe it, but thou canst,  
O gentle Mary.

*Maid of S.* Love is as beautiful, as the heliocentric  
Rays of heaven, shining upon the spiral  
Bosom of celestial chaos. Love  
Swells the bosom, buoys the system, lightens  
The burden, irradiates the countenance,  
Not only of man, but woman. Who hath not  
Beheld some fairy damsel, blushing with  
Maiden purity? Who hath not paus'd before  
Such a sacred vision, while his soul burns  
With unearthly ardor? It makes the  
Lilliputian feel gigantic, and  
The giant as huge as some towering  
Chimborazo. Away, away with the heart  
That cannot love; I will love, it's my only  
Solace.

*Brown.* And it's my only solace, too, which gives  
Me eagle eyes, rosy cheeks, and a  
Delicious, unaccountable, giddy joy.  
How beautiful it is to bow thus, before  
Some paragon of excellence; gently  
To press her electric hands, and from her  
Ruby lips, to sip the nectar, sweet and warm. (*Kisses.*)

*Maid of S.* (*Takes his arm.*) How beautiful it is, to stand  
Arms-locked, thus; to feel this acute happiness; to  
Feel the pulses beat in drowsy bliss;  
To know our fond caress's will ne'er be stale  
Or trite: to know our love is mutual,  
Reciprocal, Eden-like; to know we  
Have a future on earth, in which we'll meet  
As two mighty waves, to become as one,  
In this uncertain, mysterious creation.

*Brown.* O! divine Mary, my wife ideal;  
Quintessent paragon of womanly beauty;

Honey-suckle flower, beneath the weeping  
 Willow ; solitary rose in the desert ;  
 Oft hath my wild fancy, paus'd before thy  
 Ideal image. Thou hast check'd my too  
 Frequent thoughts, when my soul was dark, and  
 Desponding billows were about to bury  
 Me under their flow. Like the lone star  
 Bursting from its concealment of a cloudy  
 Night, thou stood'st before me ; tumbled disgorg'd  
 Masses of rapture about me, at random ;  
 Wafted my mind to a land ineffable glory ;  
 Bade me slumber, so near letheron waters,  
 I forgot I was, that I existed,  
 That there was any such being as myself ;  
 My wife ideal, when thou art succumb'd  
 To these unworthy arms, by means of wedlock,  
 Thou wilt be wife real, and I will build  
 For thee an airy castle, unstaple  
 As the bubble ; for the bubble is, and that  
 Is not ; we'll ride in a golden chariot ;  
 Drive our coursers o'er the milky-way ;  
 And with our lash pop two or three stars  
 Spangling from existence ; nod to the moon ;  
 Halt on the pedestal of Jubiter ;  
 Bask in aerial elements ; take  
 Pleasure in riding up and down the bow  
 That spans the sky ; recreate in counting  
 The raindrops, multiplied by the mist, the  
 Fog, the dew, to ascertain the quantity  
 Of water in the ocean. Wife ideal,  
 Thy airy Palace shall be a beautiful  
 Palace, the like Kings never saw ; founded  
 Upon a fragment, an emerald left,  
 When heaven was finish'd ; built in the middle  
 Of a silvery palisade, with golden  
 Turrets high in the air, at its ev'ry  
 Corner, interspers'd between, suspended  
 Upon golden rods, will be our sparkling  
 Nectar, in transparent globular  
 Canisters, with crystalliz'd tubes, winding  
 Up ; and through a monumental spire, ten  
 Feet square, a thousand feet high, to the  
 Nectarean fount, shingled with gold, from foot to  
 Pinnacle ; cornic'd with diamonds, cap'd with  
 A capacious whirligig, having monkey evolutions,  
 Whirling out ælian melody,  
 To ev'ry passing God, in similar strains.—  
 "Nectar, nectar, feast of the Gods,—  
 Nectar, nectar, feast of the Gods."  
*Maid of S.* Thou genius of North Carolina !

Them inducements to escape. And who are  
 You? Do you love your country? Would you take  
 Up arms in its defence, or would you be  
 Tories? Do you love your God? Do you obey  
 His commandments? Thou shalt not covet thy  
 Neighbor's ass, his maid servant, nor his man servant.—  
 Are we not your neighbors? O Covetous

Generation,—Kneel to thy God, and ask  
 Him to blot out thy errors. Canst thou  
 Expect to inherit the kingdom of heaven?  
 'Tis said thou shalt not steal.—Dost thou steal?  
 Let your underground rail-roads, and divers  
 Ways invented, to convey our slaves to  
 Canada, answer: they are our property,  
 As your horses, cattle, swine, are yours.  
 Should the South rob you, even of a horse,  
 Or any thing less in value, you'd moan  
 As a howling dervish, and make the  
 Solitudes and rocks resound with such injustice:  
 Of how much more value is a slave than  
 A horse; judge your own hearts, and see if we  
 Can quietly suffer you to take them  
 Away by stealth. Your conduct is not  
 Justified by the plea of cruelty,  
 Or barbarism; for the Southern people  
 Are neither cruel or barbarous:  
 They are honest, and correct their slaves when  
 They deserve it; but they suffer not as much  
 From correction, as the bound boys, the white  
 Lads of the North, who begs your mercy:  
 Whom you punish, and flog, and imagine it's the way  
 We treat our slaves. Pull the mote out of  
 Your own eyes, purge your own domestic evils,  
 And let us alone: we have borne your insults  
 And ill treatment long enough; continue it  
 And war is inevitable. Do you wish  
 To engage with us in fight? You have evil  
 Consciences; you cannot face the people  
 Of the South: for when the first cannon's fir'd,  
 You'll forget human liberty, and tuck  
 Your tails, like a flea-bitten cur, on the  
 Way trotting to his kennel; show the frogs  
 Of your feet, and run like turkeys, so that  
 We could laugh at your pusillanimity;  
 Despise your courage, defy your threats, as  
 We have ever done; and prove that our bravery's  
 Coupled with honesty: your dishonesty  
 With cowardice, false generosity,  
 Assum'd hankering for universal



Liberty. You are as those who pray at  
 The corner of streets, in public places,  
 To be seen by men. Do you love our slaves,  
 And wish them exempted from servitude?  
 Will you submit yourselves to taxation  
 And buy them? The abolition of slavery,  
 Compulsory or by purchase, would affect  
 Us: our lands would depreciate in value.  
 But we are willing to sacrifice, for  
 The peace and preservation of the Union.  
 Will you purchase our slaves? No, that would  
 Interfere with your purse. You are a cold,  
 Calculating set, and choose rather to  
 Annoy us with your insolence and threats,  
 At which we'll be annoy'd no longer. A  
 House divided must fall:—Secession's our  
 Motto:—We want a boundary line; half of  
 This Union States and Territory shall  
 Be ours, or this proud land must crimson with  
 Gore.

*Cit.* That's blood-letting; letting out blood; phlebotomous  
 In the extreme.

*Blu.* Ruin, bleak, and desolating, must gallop  
 To every nook and crook. Cities and  
 Villages change to ashes; oblivion's  
 Gigantic wave roll o'er America's  
 Proudest era, wash away memories  
 Hallow'd page, and the sacred deeds of  
 Bravest chieftains.

*Cit.* Damn dem isms:—I've got Sal, the old smoke pole,  
 What Grand Dad fotch'd down de red skins wid.—  
 I'll fotch dem isms wid her, if dare aint be many.

*Blu.* A few years ago, there were not many,  
 But now they are as numerous as the  
 San fiddlers on the atlantic coast, and  
 Like those creeping things have downward  
 Tendencies.

*Cit.* (*Excited.*) And I say, may the devil grab them  
 Tendencies, and speedily drag them beyond  
 The light of day.

*Blu.* This is the happiest moment of my life,  
 For I perceive that you are right, that you  
 Are patriots of the finest mould, ready  
 To strike for your alters and your liberties;  
 Ready to kindle the watch-fires of the South,  
 And rally around the glorious banner  
 Of secession. I'm proud of my countrymen;  
 For they will never crouch in hamility  
 To their foes; nor will they ever discard

Their inheritable pride;—but their is  
 One stain, one blemish upon your fair names  
 And reputation,—the evils of intemperance; (*Hisses*)  
 I am in favor of a prohibitory  
 Liquor law.—(*Interrupted with hisses.*)

*1st Cit.* Your fingers need grease.

*2nd Cit.* Don't your pocket feel heavy?

*Hau.* Gentlemen, is Blumor a dog? Is Henry  
 Blumor, who presents all theories to  
 The human gaze, as shucks tempest tost,  
 A dog, that thou shouldst treat him thus, with  
 Interruptions, shock his noble soul with  
 Thy vile hisses? If thou hast no sense of  
 Propriety, art ignorant, and so  
 Unmannerly, (*draws a pistol,*) this shall be your monitor;  
 And damn'd is he, who doth persist in giving  
 Blumor, the slightest indication of  
 Disrespect, for so help me God, I'll send  
 Him headlong to his mother dust. (*Intense silence.*)

*Blu.* The shadow is gone, what I would have said is lost.

*Brown.* Friends and Fellow Citizens:—Does my opponent  
 Believe; can he consent to the secession  
 Of states: can he consent to see the tree  
 Of liberty fall, by admitting rights  
 That will terminate in wrongs? Can he consent  
 To see his own proud land, an ocean of want,  
 A hemisphere of misery?

*Many Cits.* He can, he can.

*Brown.* To be united, is like a main-spring  
 Belonging to a watch. To be divided,  
 Is like a broken string of beads. To be  
 Divided, is to be contentious; and  
 Contention indicates ignorance from  
 The parties contending. To be united,  
 Is to be wise; hitherto we have been wise:  
 But if we admit the right of secession,  
 Then will we have unlearn'd the lesson  
 Taught by blood, and hard experience.  
 The eagle will take her last swoop;  
 The Chimborazo of the age will totter  
 And fall; the proud arm of mute defiance  
 Will cease to elevate the starry spangl'd  
 Banner; one conglomerated ruin  
 Will befall the land of our Fathers;  
 The myrtle bowers of this earthly paradise  
 Will be hewn down, by the destroying axe  
 Of insolence, and savage ignorance.  
 Our parterres of flowers and serpentine walks,  
 Will no longer fascinate the eye, and be  
 A luxury to the soul; all primeval

Patriotism will be lost; the enhancing  
 Beauties of the world, will perish in the  
 Arms of oppression; the sublime impress  
 And characteristics of republican  
 Greatness, will be lost in disunions whirl  
 And amazement; as each state secedes, slides  
 From the Union, so will each star, like some  
 Angry meteor, fall from our bellicosus  
 Ensign, that floated through ev'ry breeze, while  
 Hostile powers rag'd. Then farewell to the  
 Land of Washington; then adieu to arts,  
 Sciences, the trophies of war, and ev'ry  
 Proud achievement shining here, like some  
 Orient star. O my countrymen, let us  
 Resist the blight and ruin of secession;  
 Let us stand by our household Gods, our Alters,  
 Our Liberties, and maintain the Constitution.  
 Jefferson maintain'd it, Washington maintain'd  
 It; 'twas maintained by all our patriot  
 Fathers. Had I but one minute to live,  
 And my last words demanded for the  
 Benefit of mankind, I would point to  
 This sacred volume, and with dying breath  
 Exclaim, preserve it as the next book to  
 The Bible; maintain it as it came from  
 The crucible of the revolution. [*Excunt all shouting.*]

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Three weeks after the Speaking, Citizens comparing Polls.*

*1st Cit.* Luck, luck for Brown,—a lucky dog, the whole  
 Day out. We've heard from all the Counties save  
 One; he is ahead; I'll bet my hat on  
 His election.—His friends may fix their mouths  
 To make the welkin ring with shouts and  
 Exhulations.

*2nd Cit.* Mine's fix'd; I'm ready; the rest are ready  
 With their blunderbuss's, as soon as all the  
 Counties are heard from, to send forth a report  
 Lumbering to the stars, to wake old Blumor  
 In his lair, and make him sorry at his  
 Disappointment.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*1st Cit.* How goes the County?

*Mess.* For Brown, largely, and—

1st Cit. Enough, enough we hear.—Hurra for Brown!

*Confusion and excitement; the Citizens disperse, some one way and some another. Shouts and reports of fire-arms outside. BUTTERCOCK, JOLER, JUNC, CARACAT, FERROST, and SHANKS, repair to MIMY'S Grog Shop, to have a spree.*

SCENE II.—*In AUNT MIMY'S Grog Shop.*

*Enter BUTTERCOCK, JOLER, JUNC, CARACAT, FERROST and SHANKS.*

*But.* Aunt Mimy, we've come to bore you with a spree.

*Mi.* (*A little deaf.*) Bore me with a screw!—No you wont, I've been bor'd too much already.

*But.* You don't understand me;—our man he is Elected, and we have come to rejoice Over it, to drink your liquor, and eat Your cakes.

*Mi.* That indeed; very well, I'm glad to hear it.

*But.* Can we use your table here, at a game of cards?

*Mi.* Yes, yes, use it.

*But.* Draw up your seats, comrades, we'll have a Merry time at whist. (*BUT. JOL. JUNC, CAR. FER. and SHANKS, take seats round the table.*)

*Jol.* Cut the cards.

*Car.* Throw round for deal.

*Fer.* It's my deal, and I'll stock the cards; be sure To give myself and partner all the aces.

*But.* Aunt Mimy, prepare us supper; coffee, Coffee, ham, eggs, chicken, and other edibles.

*Fer.* Junc, you and Shanks fill up the glasses, Let us drink, success is ours.—Hurra for Brown!—  
“*Dum vivamus, vivamus post mortem.*”

*But.* Brown's elected, but little does he suspect, Little does any person suspect, nay They must not suspect, that we were the cause Of his election: our designs, perjuries, And falsehoods, must be as deeply hidden From observation, as the centre of the earth.

*Fer.* And the first among us who makes himself A Judas, to betray us—

*But.* Him will we make a Judas, for he shall Hang a Judas, die a Judas, and go To hell a Judas.

*Car.* Good, good:—the glasses, Junc, let us drink. (*Glasses are handed.*)

*Fer.* Junc, you are so civil,—a toast from Junc.

*All.* A toast from Junc.

*Junc.* May you all live as long as you can, But when you can live no longer, May you die in the twinkling of an eye.

*Enter CITIZEN, with a string of fish.*

*Shanks.* Vot luck, vot luck?

*Cit.* (*Voice fine and coarse.*) First agin a Jack, then agin a Chub,—Gad Omighty dom you flop ear'd soul.

*Shanks.* Cot tam.

*Cit.* (*Holding up his fish.*) I say, Aunt Mimy, I'm a man Of functions.

*Mi.* Get out of here, you nasty foul-mouth wretch ; I shan't have no sich chat as that, in my shop.

*Cit.* (*To Shanks.*) I say I'm a man of functions, they aint No harm in that, is they?

*Shanks.* Vell, I've never here it pefore.

*Mi.* There now, I told you so ;—get out of here, You nasty, foul-mouth wretch ; you shan't Have no sich chat as that, in my shop.

*Cit.* Gad Omighty dom your flop ear'd soul. [*Exit.*]

*Mi.* Gentlemen, I've fix'd your supper, come and eat.

(*All seated round the table.*)

*But.* This is excellent chicken, quite palatable.

*Jol.* The eggs, too, are well flavor'd.

*But.* Caracat, eat with your knife, and dou't Finger the victuals, at such a rate. I have a feeble stomach.—He's getting drunk, I believe.

*Car.* Not so,—only thinking about my sweet-heart.

*Junc.* Ferrost, be more careful, you make me spill My coffee.

*Shanks.* Peer, peer, more peer.

*Car.* Fill this glass, old lady ; I'll drink a bumper. Sweet-heart has taken away appetite. (*Mimy fills.*)

*Car.* (*Staggering from the table.*) Here's to the gal, who Kick'd me flat ; the hesperian fangl'd belle, caparison'd With coquetry, and other accoutrements, Can gasconade the universal conquest, And apennine capture, of her heart smitten Oriental paramour, and edulcorate In accents of phantasm, that her crepusculous Love, was void of solidity, from Alpha To Omega ; that there was no aperture, By which his attenuated sighs, and Love toss'd flambeous, might be inducted To her cordial domicile : but to crimson His cadaverous aspect, she illuminated The essence of passion, before his specticulum, And saw him conglomerated in her Wily incantations. It laments her, That she could not be audible, to all The love pliants trembling on his oracular

Lips. It was her part, and the part of  
Discretion, to captivate that unctuous  
Hydra; to gratify her hemisphere  
Of amusements, in a sextuple ratio;  
Epigrammatis, and erectly cubical,  
Was her elysium, at the light of that  
Truculent fop, ingurgitating  
Martyrdomism, from the effects of her  
Cylindrical magnetism; with pride and  
Popocatapell exultations, she had  
Watch'd his aspect retrograding in  
Tuberculous deformity, and heav'd  
A saponaceous prayer, for the wreck  
She had fabricated, to be wash'd from  
Its hypochondria, with an antiscorbutic  
Panacea, and speedily die, with  
Peripneumony. (*Tumbles on the floor.*)

*Shanks.* Peer, peer, more peer.

*Junc.* Take some chicken, take some meat. Do you refuse?  
Then a Jew will be a Jew, though in America.

*Shanks.* (*Takes a piece of meat skin and bites it.*) Dece is not  
Chicken at all, dece be one leather, von shoe.  
Cot tam, cot dam.

*But.* Your belly goes slosh, slosh;  
We ate the solids, and you ate the wash.

*Shanks.* Cot tam.

*Junc.* The flesh of swine you'll neither eat or buy,  
But the flesh of women you deem savory.

*Shanks.* Cot tam.

*Jol.* You live on water and beer,  
Because meats and other things are too dear.

*Shanks.* Cot tam. (*Re-enter CIT.*)

*Junc.* Here comes the man of fish, Aunt Mimy's foul  
Mouth wretch.

*Shanks.* (*Angerly.*) Vot you come back for, eh?

*Cit.* Gad Omighty dom your flop car'd soul.

*Shanks.* Cot tam. (*FERROST, in a drunken fit staggers to the counter, and gets hold of a book.*)

*Fer.* Here's a book, old and musty, the work of  
John Bunyan, and who reads it? Who holds it  
In his hands around the winter fireside?

Who has it in his library? The  
Fashionable people of the age, have  
Fashionable books. Old works, like old things,  
Are neither desired or sought for.

I could be an author, write a book full of  
Gemmy sentiments, like an oasis,  
Among the desert of books; but knowing  
What I do, that the authors of the present

Day, fifty years hence, will be scarce remember'd.

I'll take advantage of this knowledge,  
And not rob myself of present comforts,  
The society of friends, simply to please  
The people of the present day.

This work is old, and looks dull; but it may be full  
Of wit and humor;—I'll examine its

Pages. (*Opens it.*) Here's a representation of Angels. (*Shanks and Cit. look on.*)

*Cit.* These here birds have got flat bills.

*Shanks.* Dece be pirds, eh! mit all dece peace, mit all  
Dece joy, mit all dece recolections, ven  
Von big horn shall toot, ven—

*Cit.* Gad Omighty dom your flop ear'd soul.

*Mi.* Get out of here, you nasty, bothersome,  
Foul mouth wretch, I shan't have no sich chat  
As that, in my shop. (*Shanks shoves Cit.*)

*Cit.* (*Going.*) Gad Omighty dom one and all, your  
Flop ear'd souls. [*Exit Cit.*]

*Enter GOODWILL'S GHOST, invisible to all but Buttercock;—shakes  
his sword at Buttercock.*

*But.* Are the gates of hell open, or do the  
Dead walk the earth? Don't stare at me so; there  
Are others here, as worthy to be seen.

*Jol.* What's the matter with Buttercock? Who's he  
Talking to?

*Junc.* He's frighten'd, surely he's got the delirium  
Tremens.

*Mi.* If that's it, take care, make way, I'll cure him.—  
(*Dashes water upon him.*)

*But.* Am I beset both by the living and  
The dead? (*Ghost smiles.*) You need'nt laugh, you did'nt  
Do it; throw down that sword, and I'll fight you,  
Fist and skull. (*Ghost makes a lunge at him;—he dodges—runs  
—Ghost after him.*)

*Jol.* Stop him, stop him, he'll do mischief;—he's beside  
Himself.

*Fer.* He'll frighten the mother of suckling babes;—  
Hold him, tie him, bind him.

*Junc.* Catch him;—lets catch him, he'll stump his toe,  
And commit felodese.

*Shanks.* Mine Cot, mine Cot.

[*Exeunt all, staggering in pursuit of Buttercock.*]

*Re-enter BUTTERCOCK, followed by Ghost and Devil.*

*But.* (*To Mimy.*) Old woman,—old woman,—I'll never  
Patronize you more;—how can you entertain such  
Unwelcome visitors?



*Mi.* I never expect to again, though you  
Are the only one; there is no visitor  
Here but you.

*But.* You lie, look at him, it's the devil himself.—  
Look at that horn: look, he shakes his head, and  
Grins, as if he'd gore me through like a  
Furious bull. Look, look; old woman, get  
The poker, tongs or shovel;—beat him, bang  
Him, punch him, frail him out, and shut the door.

*Mi.* Help! help!—Here's a man gone crazy, and thinks  
He sees the devil. I'll go and look for help. [*Exit.*]

*Ghost.* (*To But.*) You are my murderer, and you shall die.

*But.* I never shed the blood of any,—I'm  
No man's murderer.

*Ghost.* 'Twas through your machinations, perjuries,  
Lies, that Henry Blumor was imprison'd:  
I, to rescue him, was kill'd: indirectly  
Then, you are my murderer:—but if thou'll  
Do the living justice, the dead shall go  
Unaveng'd. If thou'll repair the injuries  
Done to Blumor, confess thy sins, betray  
Thy accomplices, to prove his innocence  
In the pocket-book affair, thou mayest  
Live, to die a natural death.

*But.* I shall not; life is but a vapor; take  
My life, take my heart, pull out my tongue;  
Your tortures, sir, cannot wring that secret  
From my breast; nor undo my resolutions.  
Leave me,—the dead have no right to advise  
The living; 'tis exceedingly improper.

*Ghost.* (*To Devil.*) Lance him, lance him. (*Devil obeys.*)

*But.* Oh! oh! oh!—Stop! stop! stop!—Don't! let me talk;  
Let me say something.—Don't.—Oh! oh!

*Ghost.* (*To the Devil.*) Withdraw the lance. (*Devil obeys.*)

*But.* Your servant there, has no honor to attack  
A man unarm'd, to make a hole thus  
In my belly; he has not the least spark  
Of honor; and for this you shall suffer  
When I'm dead: 'twill do the devil good,  
Make him laugh to see us fight. I'll make  
You sneeze, shake you by the throat, and make  
Your collar bone rattle like peas.

*Ghost.* (*To the Devil.*) Sage of hell, raise thy whizzing  
Spear, and barb him to the liver. (*Devil obeys.*)

*But.* Oh! oh!—Stop! Don't, you hurt; take it out;—oh! oh!

*Ghost.* Take it out, withdraw the lance;—I'll spare his  
Life a little. (*To Buttercock.*) Ten days only, shalt thou  
Live, that I may torture, pinch, burn, tantalize  
You, by being in your company, at

Your side, for having robb'd me of life, and  
 Forsworn thyself to ruin thy fellow-  
 Man. Then thou shalt die, thou shalt suffer,  
 Thou canst not escape.

*But.* I cannot, because I have no chance. Give  
 Me a chance; don't hem me up; give me a  
 Chance to run, and I'll out-run you;  
 Leave you a distance in the race.

*Ghost.* The Devil takes,  
 But doth not give;  
 Thou, thou shalt die,  
 And must not live.

*Buttercock leaps over the back of the Devil and runs. Ghost  
 and Devil after him. [Exeunt all.]*

SCENE II.—*Ten days after the spree. The last day of Buttercock.  
 His family around the bed, with handkerchiefs to their eyes.*

*The Ghost and Devil present, invisible to all but Buttercock.*

*Ghost.* Stubborn, wilful man, thy life is nearly  
 Ended; before it be too late, repair  
 Another's injuries; undo what thou  
 Didst in thy better days.

*But.* I will not.—Oh! oh! I am so sick;  
 Whithersoever I lookest, there thou art,  
 To stare me in the eyes.—Oh! oh! Leave me,  
 Leave me.

*Ghost.* Long since I would have gone, and ere this thou  
 Hadst been tranquil, hadst thou confess'd thy  
 Guilt, and acknowledg'd Blumor's innocence.

*But.* Damn Blumor, and his posterity—ad infinitum—  
 Oh! oh!—You have no idea how I suffer.

*Ghost.* Thou sufferest but little, else thou wouldst  
 Confess thy sins. To extort a confession,  
 I'll make the worm that dieth not, singe thy  
 Head with its fiery breath; lave its heated  
 Tongue, upon thy damp brow, and fill thy  
 Ears that heareth not, with hell's hoarse roar.

*But.* Oh! oh!—I am so sick; will the Doctor  
 Never come?—Oh! oh!—I ask you respectfully  
 To leave me: when well, possibly  
 We can arrange this matter.

*Ghost.* Thou wilt never be well. Thy last day is come.  
 The Devil's at hand; thou mayest judge  
 From his contented look and satisfied air,  
 That he expects a rich repast, in possessing  
 Thy sinful soul.

*Enter DOCTOR, examining his pulses.*

*But.* Oh! oh! if the Doctor says I must die,  
 And cannot live, I'll make a confession,

To remove the unjust odium  
Enveloping Henry Blumor. Oh! oh! Doctor,  
Are there any hopes?—Say, say, can I live?—Oh! oh!

*Dr.* I will be candid, there are no hopes; the  
Constitution's gone, the system's prostrated;  
Your remaining moments had better be  
Spent in meditation and prayer.

*But.* Oh! oh!—I must make a confession, a  
Written confession. Doctor take down my  
Last words;—there's a table, and writing  
Materials.—Oh! oh! [*Exeunt Ghost and Devil.*]

*Dr.* Well, sir, I'm ready.

*But.* That I, Beverly Buttercock, being  
At the point of death, doth confess, Henry  
Blumor to be innocent of theft, and  
Myself the basest wretch, to blight the prospects  
Of a man so worthy, who never did  
Me harm. That I concealed a pocket-book  
About his person, with the knowledge of  
Joler, Junc, Caracat, Ferrost, Shanks,  
Who are as guilty as myself, for they  
Did swear he took the book by stealth.—Oh! oh!  
I've been Blumor's enemy, but now I  
Bear him no ill-will, and hope he will  
Forgive me.—Oh! oh! The Devil gone,  
The Ghost is gone, and I must go. (*Dies.*)

*Enter CITIZENS, and Remove the body. Family of the deceased  
follow after, making great lamentations.*

*Dr.* Now that Henry Blumor's innocent, I  
Can rejoice, for I did believe he was  
A rogue, under which belief he lost my  
Vote. To repair that injury, I will  
Go forth, and proclaim this treachery;  
Incense the mobs to get his enemies punished. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Room in a Hotel.*—*Enter BUXTON.*

*Bux.* Hey! landlord, hey!  
What news to-day?

*Land.* Nothing of interest that I know, except  
The separation of Brown and his wife,  
The Maid of Surry.—They have parted.

*Bux.* That's very bad,  
Nevertheless I'm glad.—  
But tell me now,  
When they parted, and how.

*Land.* Last week, the unnatural husband, forsook  
His natural wife, the beautiful Maid  
Of Surry. He had not been at Congress

But two days, before he met with a Miss  
 Madaline Tell, a woman of great attractions,  
 The only daughter of a wealthy man.  
 Alas ! she drank his poison, and at his  
 Magic, seem'd so fascinated, that they  
 Were soon endeared to each other. The  
 Serpent was wound around her heart, the  
 Angel fell, and with that monster fled an  
 Angry parent, who swears temporal  
 Punishment to the one, and eternal  
 To the other.

*Bux.* That monster so fell,  
 Has done nothing well ;  
 Now has he injured a wife,  
 Ended his political life,  
 To elope with Madaline Tell.  
 Whether damn'd or blest,  
 I let his name rest ;  
 For a horse shaped ill,  
 When fat is ill shaped still.  
 Hawthorn, I'm anxious to see,  
 He has been asking for me.  
 Landlord is he here ?  
 If not, tell me where.

*Land.* He's here, and busily engaged in getting  
 Up a petition for the legislature,  
 Before the election of our next  
 United States' Senator ; he has  
 Many names to it, and could get as  
 Many more if he had the time.—But here he comes. [*Exit.*]

*Enter HAWTHORN, with Petition in his hand.*

*Hau.* Good day, Buxton, the Legislature is  
 About electing a United States'  
 Senator, and that Honorable body  
 Must receive this petition in time,  
 Praying that Blumor be the Senator.  
 God grant he may, 'twill add a blessing  
 To our land.

*Bux.* Yes, friend Hawthorn, that it will,  
 And all our hearts with joy fill ;  
 If further you will do the thing that's right,  
 Haste to the Capitol with all your might ;  
 Spur your horse, jerk the reins, be a rider,  
 To effect the good of Henry Blumor.  
 Allow thy noble steed the fastest pace,  
 And ride him as a sportsman in the chase.  
 If a moment only thou art too late,  
 Thou mayest well conjecture Blumor's fate ;

And in this mission if thou shouldst succeed,  
Then hast Hawthorn done a noble deed.  
Stay no longer—go, go,—the moments fly,—  
Mount, ride, ride, all roads and bridges defy.

*Hau.* Can I mount the air? I have no wings, else  
I had been there, with folded pinions,  
Representing things to Blumor's credit  
And gain; so that the members through me,  
Could ascertain that the people here would  
Be elated, if Harry Blumor could  
Be elected United States' Senator.  
I would labor, as never man labor'd,  
To impress his political virtues  
And capabilities, to fill any  
Station honorably, under the heavens,  
Within the human limits. I would work,  
As I expect to work, for yet it's not  
Too late; my horse I've ordered, and momentarily  
Expect him at the gate. (*Enter Hostler.*)

*Hos.* Sir, your horse is ready.

*Hau.* His sides will foam with sweat, his nostrils smoke  
Before I arrive at the Capitol. [*Exeunt Hau. and Hos.*]

*Bux.* I'll go see him off, and urge him the while  
To ride fast, gallop mile after mile. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Mob.*—*Enter MOB, dragging Joler, Junc, Caracat, Ferrost, Shanks, to punishment. Enter DOCTOR, partly exhausted, and rapidly blowing.*

*Dr.* Hah! hah! hah! I'm almost out of breath;  
We had a tough time of it; they ran like  
Ostriches. Hah! hah!—lay it on, I'll count the licks;  
Give them so many and no more; let each  
One receive his twenty-four.—Hah! hah!

*The mob inflicts punishment;—much begging and cries from the sufferers.*

*Dr.* There, stop! stop! they have received the penalty,  
The debt of guilt is paid; Blumor's wrongs aveng'd;  
And thou shalt punish them no more, nor  
Laugh at their penitence; leave off your  
Mimicries and threats; go hence; leave, I will  
Unbind them myself, so that there be no  
Further violence. [*Exeunt Mob.*]

(*Dr. unbinds JOLER.*)

*Dr.* Have you any thing to say?

*Jol.* Yes, sir, I can say that I must have been  
Born under an unfortunate star, for the  
Roughest Mountaineer, that ever split a clod,  
Can now fill places in society barefooted,  
That I cannot with my shoes on.

Unhappy is the tide, in which I seem to float ;  
I'd rather mount the back of any billie goat. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* CARACAT.)

*Dr.* Have you any thing to say ?

*Car.* Adam's eldest son, the felon Cain,  
Would ne'er have committed murder, had there been  
No Abel, to excited his enmity ;  
Nor would I be ruin'd thus, if Buttercock  
Had not acted improperly, in making  
A confession, manifesting the  
Political trick play'd upon Blumor,  
Sworn never to be reveal'd ; the wretch was  
Doubly perjur'd by his indiscretion ;  
I am, what I am. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* FERROST.)

*Dr.* Have you any thing so say ?

*Fer.* Naught to relieve the burden here ; to heal  
This smarting back ; the day is past, the moments  
Fled, when joy kindled here ; naught to relume  
A single hope ; all, all is dreary waste,  
This guilty soul, merg'd in disgrace. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* JUNC.)

*Dr.* Have you any thing to say ?

*Junc.* Sir, I was so penitent, the lash made  
Me halloo at such a rate, I'm asham'd  
To open my lips but to say the devil  
Had his dues ; and I, a poor fellow dealt  
With justly. (*Exit.*)

(DOCTOR *unbinds* SHANKS.)

*Dr.* Have you any thing to say ?

*Shanks.* Mit dece I shalt die, I shalt die. O ! Sharmany !  
Sharmany ! mine Coontry ! I shalt die.  
I vill and besqueath mine wife to mine pipe ;  
Mine pipe to mine wife. O ! mine Cot ! mine Cot ! (*Exit.*)

*Dr.* I'd rather be the injured, than injurers,  
In some cases, though not in this ; for I  
Feel no pity for those sufferers, else  
They had not received this severity  
At my hands, for which I desire neither  
Blumor's nor the world's approving glance.  
If wrong, here is a conscience ; if right, here is  
A conscience ; if wrong, there is a hell ;  
If right, there is a heaven. (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.—*A Room in Blumor's House.*

*Enter* WIDOW BLUMOR.

*W. B.* Daughter, I've come to see my son.



*Mrs. B.* Well, mother, it's kind in you, have a seat, mother.

*W. B.* No, I will first to my son. Henry Blumor,  
Here's your old mother, who wants to talk to you.  
Henry, Henry, speak honey; he doesn't  
Even open his lips;—pray, how long has  
He been thus?

*Mrs. B.* Ever since the election, he has droop'd,  
And pin'd, and scarcely ever leaves his chair;  
He's in it from morn till night, from night till  
Morn, and doesn't seem to know I'm here, or  
Any body else, for he says nothing,  
Does nothing, and forgets to take his food  
For weeks at a time, and then eats enough  
To gorge a dozen men.

*W. B.* My poor boy, (weeps) he doesn't favor his former  
Self; his hair is long, his beard is long,  
His brows contracted, and seemeth now a  
Savage, and barbarian. O my daughter,  
His malady will engender poverty  
And want.

*Mrs. B.* Thou speakest rightly, mother; ruins at the door!  
Behold your daughter, your son and daughter;  
The one insane, the other drooping like  
A weeping willow, at his calamities,  
And misfortunes. Oh! this was once the  
Abode of light and merry hearts; earth's tallest  
Mountain seem'd a fodder stack, to the rapture  
That was mine; to the elysium that was mine;  
To the joy, concord, and passing gratification,  
Which lifted, thrill'd and buoy'd my soul.  
But now, my mother, you may deposite  
Them in a nut-shell.

*W. B.* I sympathize with you, my daughter; (weeps)  
I sympathize with you, my son; (weeps.) Insanity,  
Thou hideous monster, thou iceberg to  
The warm feelings of justice, charity,  
Reason; thou hast ruin'd my noble son;  
Scatter'd his fame to the winds; martyr'd his  
Glory; snatch'd away the feast he labor'd  
To partake; hurl'd him from the summit  
He toil'd to gain; deprived him the tools by which  
He liv'd; made him as simple as he was  
When born, when he first saw the light of day,  
When his infant lips pronounced the name of  
God, and country. Oh! I do pity my  
Fallen boy; alas! there is no cure for  
His malady; dip him seven times in  
An ocean of penitent tears; his  
Leprosy is not heal'd; melt the mountains



To a salve, his leprosy is not heal'd;  
 Convert the winds to a balmy essence,  
 His leprosy is not heal'd; let the rains  
 Be honey drops, his leprosy is not heal'd;  
 And his drinks the bitterest gall.

*Enter* MESSENGER.

*Mess.* He that hath ears to hear, let him hear  
 Buttercock's death-bed confession.—That I,  
 Beverly Buttercock, being at the  
 Point of death, doth confess Henry Blumor  
 To be innocent of theft, and myself  
 The basest wretch to blight the prospects of  
 A man so worthy, who never did me harm.

The fog is gone,  
 The day is bright,  
 The evil done  
 Has come to light. (*Blumor straightens  
 himself a little.*)

*Enter* BUXTON.

*Bux.* Aye, now his constituents will frown,  
 The representative John X. Brown,  
 At Congress kick'd up a flurry,  
 Deserted his wife, the maid of Surry;  
 Eloped with a Miss Madaline Tell,  
 And her daddy says he'll send him to hell. (*Blumor crosses his*

*Enter* HAUTHORN. *legs.*)

*Hau.* News from the Capitol, news from the Capitol;  
 Harry Blumor, United States' Senator;  
 Elected unanimously.  
 Long live Blumor, long live Blumor,  
 My friend in youth, my associate in manhood;  
 May he ascend the cloudless summit of  
 A hero's immortality, and the  
 Unparallel excellence of a Statesman's glory.

*BLUMOR rises from his lethargy.*

*Blu.* My enemies are my footstool!—(*proudly.*) Now my  
 Wife, we can embrace the shiftless joys of earth,  
 The lovely trance of better days; enjoy  
 God's beautiful creation, the spangl'd  
 Skies, glassy lakes, mossy groves, ictericious  
 Flowers, and mountain deck'd huey minarets. (*Curtain falls.*)

THE END.



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